THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1924

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

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This Week

Joseph Caillaux pleads the cause of the United States of Europe — a popular conception among the less unbalanced Continental Radicals. If only the recalcitrant middle-class can be brought into line, there may be some hope for an era of human understanding.

* * *

The article appearing over Édouard Herriot's name is in reality an account of a session of the Chamber of Deputies. To the accompaniment of a chorus of objections and suggestions from the French equivalents of Johnson, Heflin, and Brookhart, the Mayor of Lyon attacked Poincaré's foreign policy. It took him some time to get started, but his oratory finally silenced the strife of tongues.

* * *

'A nation,' says the Earl of Birkenhead, 'may vote people into power, but it cannot make them intelligent or great — or even interesting.' The only trouble seems to be that Mr. MacDonald's distressing lack of faith in violence may enable him to stay in office long enough to give England a taste of a present-day kingdom of Cromwell saints.

The matrimonial-service department of the *Living Age* has scored heavily this week in presenting M. Prévost's analysis of the French marriage-market. The young man about town insists on a wife with money and the flappers are all afraid to fall in love. It is, therefore, the firm conviction of this department that any young fellow with bell-bottom trousers, a wrist watch, and a fancy vest ought to be appreciated in Paris, even if he is n't at home.

* * *

The *Jugendbewegung* is an idealistic revolt among the young people of Germany that has attracted over a million followers in the space of a few years. The writings of Dr. Foerster, one of its chief protagonists, have appeared in the *Living Age*.

* * *

Austria, too, has a younger generation which is trying to prove how much more sensitive it is than young people have ever been before. They believe in healthy sports and call flappers *Luxusbackfisch* — a name that ought to win some kind of word contest.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 320—NUMBER 4157

MARCH 8, 1924

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRENCH FINANCES

THE Paris correspondent of the *Observer* contributes to a recent issue of that journal an interesting but almost oversubtle analysis of the forces influencing French public opinion. The failure to get a profit out of the Rhineland and the Ruhr, and the enormous drain upon the French Treasury of the futile effort to do so, are being impressed on the public mind of France with increasing weight. It has even been suggested that the German cessation of 'passive resistance is a Machiavellian move to throw this responsibility (that is, for the cost of keeping the district in order) on to the French, who cannot exercise it without stabilizing the local currency, who cannot stabilize the local currency without guaranteeing it, and who cannot guarantee it without inflation of the franc. "When you have brought your franc in this way down to the level of the mark," a German financier is reported to have said, "then we can talk seriously."'

The participation of the United States in the Reparations Commission's expert committee and the establishment of a Labor Government in Great Britain are also making the French more conciliatory toward Germany.

I understand, moreover, that the idea of new Franco-German conversations is viewed with favor by the big metallurgical interests concerned. *L'Humanité*, whose tendency is, of course, always to interpret the differences between countries by reducing them to their lowest common measure in terms of international finance, says that the whole thing is a struggle between the German middle classes and the French capitalists for the possession of the riches of the Ruhr, and that the Germans have decided, in order to save themselves from the Comité des Forges, to seek allies against it by handing themselves over to foreign capital which is not French.

Naturally the financial situation crisis is fundamental: —

The inflation of the currency, which is referred to above as an eventual consequence of the Ruhr occupation, has been considered this week in a more immediate aspect. It had been reported that the Government did not intend to return to the Bank of France the 1,000,000,000 francs which it has contracted to repay at the end of the year, and also intended to apply to current expenditure the 800,000,000 francs due to the sinking fund. This report is now officially denied, but I understand that some compromise with the Bank of France is under discussion.

A Radical Deputy, M. Schmidt, has an article in *L'Ère Nouvelle* in which he protests that the gravity of the position of the national finances is being withheld from the

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public. He quotes M. Bokanowski, the Reporter-General of the Budget Commission, who cannot be accused of unfriendliness to the Government, but who says in the preface to his report of this year that it is indispensable for the country to study and understand the realities of its financial position. In 1914 the debt was 38,000,000,000 francs. At the end of 1918 the 38 had become nearly 193, while at the end of 1922 it was almost 320. The excess of expenditure over receipts has averaged 40,000,000,000 francs every year since 1919, and all that excess has been and still is borrowed from the wonderful savings of the French peasant.

Professor Charles Gide, probably the most distinguished economist in France, points out in a recent interview in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* that the fall of the franc is not directly related to the tax policy of the Government. He desires to see taxes increased, principally as a check to inflation, but disapproves Poincaré's project for a twenty-percent addition to the present rates as hasty, unscientific, and sure to bear unequally and unfairly upon different classes of taxpayers.

Returning to the question of foreign exchange, he said: —

The sudden fall in French exchange cannot be due to tax conditions, for our taxes have remained the same for a considerable period; indeed, they have shown a tendency to increase with the growing prosperity of the country. The real cause is the foreign situation. French credit is shaken by our discord with Great Britain and the formation of a Labor Cabinet. It is questionable whether under such conditions France can remain in the Ruhr much longer, for an open conflict with England would make the situation still worse, and undermine our credit still further. The only thing that can stabilize or improve our exchange is an agreement between England, France, Germany, and America on the Reparations question.

Professor Gide does not see much chance to economize in government expenses so long as three fourths of the outgo is for the payment of interest upon the public debt, nor does he expect an appreciable increase of revenue from the stricter collection of taxes. In conclusion he said: —

The financial situation of France is certainly serious, but I do not think that it is worse than that of other countries. Why can we not agree on Reparations? I think the prospect of that is better than a year ago. A recognition of the fact that the payment of the Allied debts and the reduction of Germany's Reparations burden are inseparably associated is spreading. Keynes's solution was, when proposed, the right one.

*

THE SINGAPORE NAVAL BASE

'THE strategic value of Singapore as a naval base was recognized long ago,' writes Dr. Thomas Greenwood in the London *Foreign Affairs* for January. 'During the Great War, after the battle of Coronel, in the Pacific, the Imperial War Cabinet considered seriously the position of Singapore; and at the Peace Conference in Paris it was decided to increase its fortifications. In 1920 the Admiralty ordered a thorough surveying of the inner channel, which would be utilized as closed military harbors. . . . The Singapore base was an outstanding feature of the secret debates of the Imperial Conference.'

In the navy estimates prepared by the outgoing British Government there was a preliminary appropriation of over $1,000,000 for the Singapore dock. The total cost is put by Archibald Hurd in the *Daily Telegraph* at $50,000,000, while Dr. Greenwood believes 'it might be anything between $100,000,000 and $124,000,000, toward which New Zealand has already offered $500,000 for her share. . . . The Legislative Council of Singapore has voted a sum of $300,000 to cover the cost of the land acquired up to the present for the naval base, nearly half of which has

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been spent in acquiring 369 acres from the Singapore United Rubber Company.'

The change in the British Government, however, has put a crimp in all these plans. Not only Labor leaders, but several prominent Liberals, including Mr. Asquith, have expressed themselves as opposed to the construction of a naval base at Singapore, partly because its utility has been questioned by certain naval experts, including Sir Percy Scott, and partly because such a move may be considered contrary to the spirit of the Washington Treaties, though not expressly forbidden. Sir Percy thinks that, since heavily armored battleships are obsolete anyway, dry docks for them are superfluous.

Another element to be considered is the opinion in the Dominions. Before leaving Melbourne, Prime Minister S. M. Bruce of Australia said that the heart of the British Empire has been transferred from the North Sea to the Pacific. On January 15, speaking before the London branch of the Australian Natives Association, he said, according to a report in the *Manchester Guardian*, 'unless we build a base in the Pacific and establish it at Singapore, we have got to recognize that we have abdicated our position as a great naval power in the Pacific.'

After summarizing these various considerations for and against a naval base at Singapore, Hector Bywater, the naval specialist, writes in the *Observer* for February 3:—

> But although the immense strategical importance of Singapore is self-evident, there still remains the question whether Japan is, or is not, to be regarded as a possible enemy, for it is futile to pretend that the scheme was prompted by any other motive. At this point the strategist must give way to the statesman, who directs the foreign policy, of which naval power is but the instrument. If there is no reason to apprehend a breach of those cordial relations which have linked the two island Empires for well over a generation, the case for developing Singapore loses much of its force.
>
> We are assured by those in touch with Japanese opinion that the building of this great fleet-base would be interpreted there as proof that Britain distrusts Japan and even looks upon war with her as a contingency not of the remotest. Only a few Japanese commentators have taken a broader view of the matter, but these point out that Singapore, besides being the natural base for British sea power in the East, is too distant from Japan to constitute a menace to her coasts. Its value, they add, would be mainly defensive, a glance at the map sufficing to remove all doubts on this head.
>
> A further reason put forward for not proceeding with the scheme is the supposed weakening of Japan's sea power in consequence of the earthquake. The fact is, however, that none of her national institutions has suffered less than her navy. The only two modern ships that were damaged — Amagi and Naka — are to be replaced immediately. The devastated arsenal at Yokosuka is to be rebuilt within six months, a large sum of money having already been appropriated for this work. Moreover, it was announced in December that the shipbuilding programme, which includes eight large cruisers and twenty-four submarines, is to be maintained intact, no change having been made in it beyond extending the date of maturity by twelve months.

In other words, it is for the Labor Government to judge what the future intentions of Japan are. To its judgment the Naval Board must submit. If the base is built, will it not mean that England is not sure Japan intends to keep the Pacific Treaty, which pledges each signatory to respect the territorial possessions of the others?

In the Australian *Stead's Review* A. L. G. MacKay discusses 'some economic considerations underlying the choice of Singapore,' concluding that the base is really a move in the world-

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wide struggle for markets and raw materials. 'We must either get a very substantial footing in China, or else our own people will suffer from unemployment and our industries will go into decline.' This he takes to be the British necessity which knows no law. 'And if the various Governments have to decide whether it shall be their own or some other labor force that is to be employed, there can be only one answer. They will plump for their own men even if it means an international struggle.' A more succinct statement of the economic cause of war would be hard to find.

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MUSSOLINI ON THE STUMP

PREMIER MUSSOLINI made his first — and, as he assured his auditors, his only — political speech during the present parliamentary campaign in the great Hall of the Consistory, at Palazzo Venezia in Rome, on January 28. He prefaced his remarks with an apology for descending to conventional parliamentary tactics from the higher plane of revolutionary action, and told his hearers at the outset: 'The speech I am about to deliver to you may seem rather dry, for the matters I intend to discuss have interested me very little during my political life. . . . We must address ourselves to this electoral corvée with discipline and a sense of responsibility. Even corvées are necessary.'

Indeed the speech was devoted rather to apologizing for a return to parliamentary methods and to questions of Fascist Party discipline than to general issues. In this connection he said that he was not accustomed to doing by force what he could accomplish without force.

If, after holding complete power for a year, during which seventy-seven Cabinet meetings have been held, I had not accomplished the reforms that the Fascist Party demanded, I should have asked to have my period of arbitrary authority extended. But during my dictatorship the Fascist Government has not wasted time. It has carried out radical innovations in every field of government; it has thoroughly reformed the army, provided for our wounded veterans, reorganized the civil service, the schools, the courts, the finances, the public services, and the foreign service, and has carried out radical economies. . . . The results of this tremendous achievement, which is substantially a far-reaching revolution, will not be fully evident for some time to come, but already the heartbeat of our national life is stronger and more regular.

Mussolini said further: —

In a Europe that still reveres parliaments, the Italian elections will be followed with particular interest, because Fascism, while remaining a typically Italian phenomenon, has already assumed the aspect of a world hope. Fascism represents the concrete negation of all that democratic and Socialist idealists champion. Fascism proudly throws down the gauntlet to that whole complex of doctrines, which the recent experience of the world has definitely condemned. If I were called upon to express in a single sentence the tendency of the age, I should say it consisted in the denial and renunciation of all that Socialism teaches. While Russia is turning to her new economic policy of capitalism, and appealing to Western capital for her economic reconstruction, Germany has seen the complete collapse of all her radical policies. . . . In France the struggle between the trades-unions and the political organizations has already brought things to an impasse. In England the advent to power of the Labor Party is not destined to dishearten the world, or even the British Empire. MacDonald will not introduce Socialism — he will not go toward the Left.

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COOLNESS OVER GREENLAND

A RENEWED conference of Danish and Norwegian delegates at Christiania, continuing the inconclusive discussions

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in Copenhagen last fall, has ended in a compromise on the question of Norwegian fishing- and hunting-rights in Eastern Greenland and an agreement to disagree on the dispute as to Danish sovereignty over the island. The *Living Age* has already summarized the points at issue. The Norwegians assert that not only Greenland, but also Iceland and the Faroe Islands are old Norwegian colonies which Denmark retained at the time of the restoration of Norwegian independence in 1814. The peace treaty of Kiel, by which the King of Denmark ceded his rights in Norway to the King of Sweden, but without including the above-mentioned islands, has never been ratified by Norway. The Norwegian Nationalists have continued to agitate this matter, and since the complete separation from Sweden in 1905 they have been more insistent on their colonial claims than ever.

The issue is therefore twofold: the commercial rights of Norwegian fishing vessels in the waters of Eastern Greenland, and the national sovereignty. On the first point the Danes have declared themselves ready to compromise. On the second they maintain that no discussion is possible. When signing the present agreement, 'to forestall possible conflicts and to strengthen the friendly relations between Norway and Denmark,' each of the two Governments expressly stipulated that 'it maintains in principle its views on the Greenland questions not dealt with in this agreement, so that nothing has been prejudiced, nothing surrendered, nothing lost.'

The Norwegian press records as the principal achievement of the Norwegian delegates, not the fact that Norwegian fishing vessels will henceforth have free access to the coast of Eastern Greenland, but that the Danes have by implication admitted that there is something else to discuss — namely, the sovereignty question. Hitherto the Danes have asserted that the former Norwegian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Herr Ihlen, consented to an extension of Danish sovereignty over all of Greenland in return for a Danish consent to a Norwegian sovereignty over Spitzbergen.

'There is no question of a Norwegian retreat,' writes *Nationen* of Christiania. 'When the Danish delegation has negotiated about an intermediary arrangement, that implies that they cannot expect any Norwegian recognition of a Danish sovereignty over Greenland. That is what we have achieved.'

In the Copenhagen *Berlingske Tidende* Harald Nielsen writes: 'For hundreds of years, without anyone, not even in Norway, questioning our right, we have administered Greenland, explored it, and mapped it, and have thereby acquired it by a right which is entitled to more respect than even that of treaties, and which, on the whole, there is not the least occasion for us to debate with anyone.' Ratification of the present agreement, he concludes, implies a compromise on the sovereignty question.

'The trade monopoly of the Danish Government (in Greenland),' writes Professor Otto Baschin in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for January 25, 'is a blessing for the country and its inhabitants, for without strict control, prohibition of liquors, and the exclusion, as far as possible, of Europeans, the natives would long ago have died out.'

THE MASSACRES IN JAPAN

THE massacre of Koreans and Chinese, and of Japanese radicals, by mobs and in some instances by the police, after the earthquake in Japan, holds as prominent a place in the public eye of that

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country as the present petroleum-scandal does in the United States. It has been disclosed in Parliament that the Home Office sent out to the prefectoral governors, immediately after the earthquake, wireless messages of an alarmist character which were probably responsible for many of these outrages. These messages, some of which were read in Parliament, informed officials that the Koreans 'are going to act in a disorderly manner . . . are trying to attain their sinister ends by setting houses on fire,' and cautioned the officials to keep strict control over their movements. Local authorities were urged to establish volunteer defense organizations. It was suggested that these be put in the hands of veterans', firemen's, and young men's societies.

A number of quasi-Fascist groups have sprung up in Japan in imitation of the Italian organization. They are all reactionary, although the names of some of them, for instance 'The League for the Destruction of the Status Quo,' might seem to have revolutionary implications. A second society, the *Genri Nihon Gun* or 'Party of Violence,' enjoys the powerful protection of men of high political position and big landowners and industrial magnates. Another of these groups is the *Kokusuikai* or 'Nationalist Association,' whose members profess to follow in the steps of the samurai.

In view of these revelations, Japanese journals representing the opposition to the Government in power at the time of the earthquake are inclined to discredit the remarks made by Ambassador Woods when in the United States last November, to the effect that the reports of the killings were 'hysterical and generally untrue.' The *Japan Weekly Chronicle* and the *China Weekly Review* — the former published in Kobe under British auspices, the latter in Shanghai under American auspices — insist that the number of Koreans and Chinese killed was very large, approaching two thousand in all, and that the incident was too serious to be camouflaged by diplomatic apologetics.

*

NEW YEAR'S AT HARBIN

THE Harbin correspondent of the *North China Herald* reports that hard times and gay times keep close company in the metropolis of the Manchuria-Siberia frontier. Although business has been dead as a doornail for so long that prosperity has become almost an old man's recollection, the clubs and cabarets were so crowded New Year's Eve that it was necessary to reserve tables several days in advance in order to witness the festivities.

Yet, of Harbin's twenty-two modern flour mills, only seven are now in operation. The price of local grain is so high that wheat is being imported from Canada and the United States into this granary of Northern Asia. 'The latest booking for Canadian wheat is 90,000 poods — over 40,000 bushels — at $2.10 per pood, ex Harbin, delivery in March.'

Notwithstanding the depression, a Chinese company is erecting a woolen factory to cost over $2,000,000. Although Mongolian wool, which will be principally used, is not of high quality, it is suitable for the manufacture of the coarse strong cloth worn by the native population.

IN Western Australia alone there is now an airplane service covering more than two thousand miles, carrying both passengers and mails. Another Australian air-line flies through the remote grazing-districts of Queensland, connecting four railheads and enabling wool-buyers to save weeks of travel in the busy season.

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THE ROAD TO PEACE

BY JOSEPH CAILLAUX

[*When arrested during the war for an alleged attempt to negotiate a separate peace with Germany, ex-Premier Caillaux exclaimed: 'They cannot forgive me for having avoided war in* 1911.' *Then, as Prime Minister, he compromised with Germany on the question of Morocco. Though temporarily deprived of his political rights and banished from Paris, M. Caillaux is still regarded by many as the real leader of the Radical opposition to Premier Poincaré. This interview was originally granted to the Socialist* Peuple.]

From *L'Ère Nouvelle, January* 21
(PARIS RADICAL DAILY)

YOU ask if I believe in peace. Like some of those you have already consulted, I reply that I desire peace with all my strength. I might add, recalling the events of 1911, that when one desires peace with all one's strength one can make sure of its being kept. In fact, I believe I am not exaggerating when I repeat what others have already said — namely, that at the time of the Agadir crisis I got the better of the war hydra. But I also know what difficulties such an effort implies, and at this very moment I am weighing the consequences involved.

What clouds my desire for peace is partly the psychological and moral state of the world and partly — I was going to say especially — its economic state.

The first condition for obtaining prospects of peace is a change in the general state of mind. Many eminent men understand this. Writers and thinkers are planning or visioning great intellectual organizations which would undertake to dissipate the miasma, to reconstruct for humanity the spiritual laws of life. This is, to be sure, an arduous task, but it is nevertheless necessary, even indispensable. However, at the risk of appearing both too pessimistic and too practical, I expect decisive results only in case this intellectual spring-tide is accompanied by an economic reconstruction.

You know that I am not a Socialist, unless, according to Proudhon, every man interested in social movements is called a Socialist; but because of the very great interest I have taken in social problems I have meditated the works and the thoughts of the great theorists of Socialism. I am and have always been a close student of the theory of the economic interpretation of history, so boldly advanced by Karl Marx.

Though it is necessary to revise a formula which, taken literally, would attribute all the facts of history to economic evolution alone, which would underestimate the considerable rôle which the idealistic factor plays in human affairs, it is nevertheless true that always and everywhere great events have as substratum an economic condition. You agree with me, don't you? Then please take the trouble to follow my reasoning.

One of the principal causes of the war of 1914 was the need felt by big capitalism for industrial expansion, a need which it did not always know how to control. It was possible, however, to observe in the Europe of 1913, as I have

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already written, the vague outlines of a new order, which would tend to harmonize the different national economic structures, — partly through agreements between great industrial organizations, and partly through the leadership sought by high finance, — and which Jaurès, according to an odd speech of 1911, agreeing with the German Socialist Hilferding, was not far from desiring.

The war naturally upset this fragile structure, or rather its preliminary foundations, which had barely risen above ground. Has the attempt been made — is the attempt being made — to gather together the scattered stones for a reconstruction of the great edifice which appeared indispensable before the war? Just the opposite. Never have the national systems of production been further separated. At best, hit or miss efforts have been made to reunite them. Everywhere there is war, aggravated by difficulties over the exchange — a war that can only get worse and worse. How can you expect peace to reign in a world where there is a perpetual economic conflict.

Relatively speaking, the remedies are simple. I believe I explained them in the book to which you have been kind enough to refer: the organization in each country of a national system of production; the creation of an economic State alongside the political State; agreements between these new bodies; international parliaments to solve the great problems of raw materials, markets, and so forth. There you have practical schemes. To be sure, they could not be carried out in a day. It would be childish to dream of such thorough-going changes taking place instantly, but at least we could make a start in this direction.

Now all backs are turned. Selfishness is unchained, profit-hunger given free rein. Everywhere there is battle. Who can believe that an economic situation of that sort does not generate armed conflicts?

You see my point of view. First of all, a great work of spiritual regeneration must be undertaken. But since, alas! man usually acts under the impulse of his private interests, the great enterprise which absorbs so many high and noble minds has no chance of success unless it is associated with an economic renaissance.

I am very well aware that certain positive minds, more imbued than I with the theory of the economic interpretation of history, assert that nothing can be done until private property, the source of all evils, has been abolished. As far as I am concerned, I have no prejudice, either metaphysical or dogmatic, as regards private property. With Jules Ferry I regard private property as a political institution. This amounts to saying that I do not believe that human life will be forever bound up with the economic institutions of the present day; but I also refuse to admit that I am blind, and it is sufficient to open one's eyes to see that nowhere, not even in Russia, has an upheaval in present-day methods of distributing wealth been practicable.

Whether we like it or not, we live in the age of capitalism. There are no indications of a change in the repartition of wealth, which would also be conducive to progress. What is certain, however, is that capitalism is committing excesses which no one fifty years ago would have believed possible. What is also certain is that if it does not reform itself, if it does not learn to submit to discipline and to organize itself internationally, if it only ends in enthroning war, it cannot long endure. In that event, humanity will pass through a long period during which the collapse of a great economic system, which was a formidable agent of prog-

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ress, but which gradually succumbed under the weight of its own faults, without having provided a successor, will cause the most terrible sufferings.

Allow me to summarize all these scattered remarks, and to return at the same time to the question you have asked. To achieve peace all men inspired by good-will must set aside all prejudices, all theories, all preconceived notions; must devote themselves to the task of a reformation that will be both moral and economic. If they succeed, it will not be necessary to seek means to prevent war. Such means will arise automatically, out of the resulting community of thought and community of interests.

Should an international gendarmerie be instituted under the auspices of the League of Nations? Should the nation that attempts to renew the crime of war be put under a political and economic blockade — which, in my opinion, would be infinitely more efficacious and fruitful? These things are details.

On the other hand, be assured that if new lines of thought are not taken and suitable economic reforms are not made, it will be vain to write any number of projects, to pile up treaties, agreements, or protocols. They will be only so many castles of sand, similar to those constructed by the children on the beach, which a single wave suffices to sweep away.

Sometimes I ask myself whether Europe in search of unity can be spared the birth-pains which ancient Italy suffered, for you must understand that safety lies in only one direction — a United States of Europe. Let us hope that the twentieth century is reasonable enough, or has been sufficiently impressed by the terrible atrocities which new conflicts would bring, to start toward new horizons of light, while avoiding bad shepherds, so that it will not have to repeat, beating its breast, the words of Shakespeare in King Lear: ''T is the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.'

May humanity be wise enough to achieve natural democracy, without getting lost in the morass of social disruption through which it must pass. What a grand rôle it would be for the working class, if it should take the leadership of the movement toward new thought and economic reorganization, dragging behind it a lingering middle class!

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AN ALLIED ECONOMIC FRONT

BY ÉDOUARD HERRIOT

[*While personally on friendly terms with Premier Poincaré, M. Herriot, who last fall visited the United States, is the floor leader and spokesman of the Radical Party in the Chamber of Deputies. His four-hour address on January* 11 *has been considered as his party's platform on foreign policy in the coming elections. The* Temps *version omits his reference to the League of Nations as 'the first draft of an international statute of peace,' as well as his characterization of German democracy as 'our best guaranty against an economic dictatorship.' On account of space limitations several passages in the* Temps *report have been left out here.*]

From *Le Temps, January* 12
(PARIS SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

THE Chamber yesterday resumed the discussion of interpellations on the foreign policy of the Government. A single orator occupied the tribune — M. Herriot, Deputy of the Rhone and Mayor of Lyon, who interpellated the President of the Council 'on the state of the conversations between the United States and France on the subject of Reparations and debts.'

M. Édouard Herriot, leader of the Radical and Radical-Socialist Party, is a man of letters, a graduate of the École Normale Supérieure, as well as a political man. His speech showed it. In addition to remarks of a purely political nature he expressed other views, inspired by the noblest ideas and fecund in the most broad-minded schemes.

A brilliant talker, a perfect lecturer, M. Édouard Herriot has the gift of holding the attention of his auditors. He speaks easily, with a certain good-fellowship and simplicity, walking back and forth on the tribune while making familiar gestures.

Yesterday he gained a substantial oratorical triumph. His personal friends as well as members of the Government joined in the applause which greeted the peroration of his speech, the last phrase of which was taken from the Gospels. The first part of M. Herriot's address constituted the critical part, the second the positive; and here the speaker made suggestions of which many might be carried out if the Reich were willing.

In opening, the speaker said that the anniversary of the occupation of the Ruhr and the eve of the Conference of Experts furnished a good opportunity for a survey of the situation. If this Conference succeeds, it may mean definite peace; if it fails, France may be definitely isolated.

Laying aside all other matters, M. Herriot declared that he intended to treat only the serious Reparations question, adding that he was of the opinion that, in this respect, the occupation of the Ruhr had yielded insufficient results. The Düsseldorf agreements were only temporary, and the speaker attempted to prove that the occupation of the Ruhr was not enough, necessary though it may have been.

M. HERRIOT: 'The expenses of the occupation of the Ruhr and of the left bank of the Rhine amount to about 392,000,000 gold marks. Then we must deduct the Belgian priority, and also take account of the 178,000,000 required for the years 1923 and 1924 to pay the occupation expenses of the American army. What becomes, then,

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of the income from the Ruhr, of which France is entitled to only 52 per cent? The Ruhr does not, therefore, solve the problems of Reparations.'

M. POINCARÉ: 'That is self-evident. (*Applause on the Extreme Left and here and there on the Left*) That is what I said on the very eve of the occupation.'

M. HERRIOT: 'Even those who consider the occupation of the Ruhr as necessary can no longer consider it as sufficient. (*Interruptions on the Right and Centre — applause on the Left and Extreme Left*) We therefore need a broader policy and other solutions of the Reparations problem. In particular, we ought to begin by reëstablishing the Interallied front. (*Various interruptions*) Is that possible at this time? And, in particular, is it possible to bring about a complete reconciliation between France and Great Britain? I believe it is. It is easy and commonplace to characterize the policy of Great Britain as mercenary. It would be more correct and more courteous to say that in England political economy determines the policy of the State.'

The Deputy of the Rhône then declared himself distinctly in favor of a rapprochement with England, and expressed the opinion that it will not be more difficult for France to reach an understanding with the Labor Party than with the Conservatives.

M. HERRIOT: 'The Labor Party is not an enemy of France. Its members have declared on several occasions that Germany ought to be held responsible for the damages it has caused, and be compelled to pay Reparations. M. Ramsay MacDonald told the representative of *Vorwärts* that he wanted to await the outcome of the Conference of Experts. At the mass meeting in Albert Hall, which opened to the tune of the Marseillaise —'

M. VILLENEAU: 'And so did the Young Turk Revolution.' (*Shouts on the Extreme Left*)

M. HERRIOT: 'M. MacDonald appeared to me as a fervent idealist, and yet a man of good sense, interpreting his political duty as a phase of his moral duty. I remain convinced that he would aid us with economic coöperation. (*Applause on the Left and Extreme Left*) There could be no better opportunity to dissipate the stupid and criminal misunderstanding which so many persons attempt to exaggerate.' (*Applause on the Left and Extreme Left — interruptions on the Right*)

M. XAVIER VALLAT: 'What did M. Lloyd George say in his recent speeches?' (*Shouts on the Left and Extreme Left*)

M. DE MORO-GIAFFERRI: 'Among the leaders of the Labor Party there are many whose sons fell on the battlefields in France.' (*Applause on the Left and Extreme Left*)

M. HERRIOT: 'I shall attempt to prove that it is possible to reëstablish the Interallied front in an economic sense. It may be neither prudent nor very clever at the moment when the experts are meeting in Paris, to greet with no more welcome a man who attempts to reunite the old bonds.' (*Lively applause on the Extreme Left and Left — interruptions on the Extreme Left and Right — various interruptions*)

A MEMBER OF THE EXTREME LEFT: 'The Government ought to speak like that!'

M. POINCARÉ: 'I do not accept this advice, and I do not need to. I am told that the Government ought to speak like M. Herriot. That is the way I will speak when I get on the tribune. I do not want to interrupt M. Herriot when I agree with him.' (*Lively applause on the Extreme Left and Left*)

M. DE MORO-GIAFFERRI: 'We are very happy to see an agreement be-

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tween the Government of to-day and that of to-morrow.'

M. HERRIOT: 'I believe it urgent that the Conference of Experts should succeed. It certainly would have a noticeable influence on the value of the franc, and consequently on the cost of living. (*Applause on the Left and Extreme Left*) What is then the essential condition for obtaining this result? In the first place and above all, it is necessary that the experts should have their hands entirely free. Such freedom is moreover without danger for us, since the activities of the coming Conference are limited by the instructions of the Reparations Commission, and by the fact that England as well as the United States has recognized this limitation. Furthermore, Article 234 of the Treaty of Versailles forbids a diminution of our claim without our assent. Sheltered by this double barrier, you ought therefore to give the experts free rein to find a plan for peace. (*Applause on the Left and Extreme Left*) They must be enabled to draw up a positive programme, a constructive programme, and moreover, Mr. President, you have promised in your recent message to the United States to aid them in this effort. Let us therefore remove from the path of the Conference every dangerous thorn, and first of all let us abstain from every controversy on Germany's capacity for payment, present or future, which recalls in many respects only too well the celebrated controversy over future salvation. . . . The experts must succeed, because it is by re-establishing financial peace that political peace may be obtained.

'Now the most difficult task before the Commission of Experts is to decide how to stabilize German finances. On this score I have protested against the thesis based on a direct understanding with the German industrialists without consulting the Government. Two months ago the Reich began to stabilize its finances. For several weeks it has improved its business situation. These two facts are undeniable. How has this been done? By means of the Rentenbank. But the industrialists, the agriculturists, who have advanced certain pledges, have not done so without certain mental reservations. With the money thus obtained the German Government has been able to pay part of its debts. The value of the paper mark has therefore increased, but if you observe closely the policy of these economic Cæsars you see the price which they have exacted from the Government in return for the aid they have given: tax reduction and a ten-hour day. . . .'

M. POINCARÉ: 'I do not intend to contradict you, but I shall demonstrate what close bonds have united and continue to unite the German magnates and the German Government, even when the latter wears the democratic mask.' (*Applause in the Centre and on the Right*)

M. HERRIOT: 'For precarious and insufficient pledges we must substitute general pledges, the income from which must be applied to a restoration of equilibrium and financial morality in Germany; juridical pledges amply guaranteed by the Powers. . . .

'The Belgian plan, principally inspired by M. Loucheur, specifies three kinds of collateral to be set aside for France: (*a*) leasing of the German railroads, the income from which has been estimated by the Belgians at a billion gold marks; (*b*) collection of taxes on certain consumable commodities, from which, according to the same calculations, we might expect the following incomes: 450,000,000 gold marks on tobacco, 250,000,000 on beer, 600,000,000 on alcohol, 130,000,000 on sugar; (*c*) participation in profits of industries, in the form of a tax on dividends.

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'The Belgians have asked themselves the question whether these measures would not make stabilization impossible. According to a calculation made in the spring of 1922, they were able to show that the budget of the Reich, with deduction allowed for these taxes, would yet show a favorable balance of a billion gold marks. Undoubtedly you will say: "That is all very well. The Belgians have developed M. Loucheur's idea, but is not Germany going to rebel when you try to impose such measures? You demand something impossible. It is an idle dream to try to substitute juridical pledges for the military ones."'

M. POINCARÉ: 'The military pledge will enable us to obtain other pledges.' (*'Very good, very good!' from the Right*)

M. HERRIOT: 'Let me call to your attention the proposition made on June 5 by the German Government. It proves that it would accept the whole mechanism of this project, since it offered us 500,000,000 gold marks from the railroads, 500,000,000 gold marks from industries, 800,000,000 gold marks from customs and on retail merchandise.

'I know very well it is a complicated matter. I assert, however, that the plan in general is based on such foundations that the German Government has been obliged to accept them. If, under this plan, it becomes necessary to ask France to consent to a moderation of its claims, this solution cannot be accepted unless those who demand such a moderation consent also to a corresponding reduction in their claims. Furthermore, should France alone suffer reductions, while others collect their entire due? After all, every dollar spent meant Allied lives saved; every mark spent meant Allied lives lost. Therefore a corresponding reduction in Interallied debts is justified.

'So far I have given you proofs. Now I wish to advance an opinion. The United States is a merchant nation, with the merchant sense of honor. Though commercial, its morality is reliable. It holds to the principle that a debt is not to be repudiated. . . .

'I do not want to say any more on this subject, and I ask you to imitate my reserve and prudence by showing patience. I do not believe that if a final settlement should be reached the United States would delay for the sake of dollars the pacification of Europe. Has not M. Boyden already told you as much? As for Great Britain, has not the man who to-morrow may be the successor of Lord Curzon declared that he considers a reduction of Interallied debts as a necessity? He is an honest man. (*Applause on the Extreme Left*) He is not the man to forget his statement; and furthermore, might we not properly remind him of it?' (*Applause*)

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'A NEW, IF PALER, CROMWELL'

BY THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

[*At the Williamstown Institute of Politics, where last summer he was one of the invited speakers, the Earl of Birkenhead (né Smith) aroused world-wide comment by his remarks about the impracticability of the Wilson idealism. His rectorial address at the University of Glasgow, reproduced in the* Living Age *for December 22, contained similar statements, which earned him sharp retorts from the British Liberals.*]

From the *Sunday Times, January* 20
(London Conservative Sunday Paper)

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's personality is little known to the general public, considering the importance of his position. The leader of His Majesty's Opposition has generally battled his way to the forefront of his own party through a series of great public controversies in which he has been a protagonist. His picture and even his peculiarities are known to all. So it was with Gladstone and Disraeli in the sixties or seventies, or with Mr. Asquith and Lord Balfour. But up till 1922 the Labor Party had never risen to the full dignity of one of the great political parties. Its first great increase in numbers in 1906 was dwarfed by the immense size of the purely Liberal majority. And from thence onward it played an important but still a subsidiary part in the drama of parties and governments. The ordinary man would have known more about Mr. John Redmond than about Mr. Arthur Henderson.

Therefore, although Ramsay MacDonald has been in public life for at least a quarter of a century, entered Parliament first in 1906, and has fought as stark a battle for the leadership of his party as any of the giants of old, these things were largely hidden. A fight between the intellectuals of Socialism and the stalwarts of trades-unionism — Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald, or Snowden, against Barnes, or Burt, or Clynes — was looked upon as a struggle between pygmies and storks, an unimportant encounter fought out on a mimic stage in the world of vestry politics. Leader-writers or caricaturists would not follow the duel as they did the grapple between Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Balfour in 1903.

Now we must prepare to alter all this. Labor has ceased to be a group, is swiftly becoming a party, and will on Tuesday form a Government. It is true that, being only one of three Oppositions, it owes its technical supremacy to the divisions of the other two. Indeed, when the prospects of Liberal reunion seemed sufficiently rosy to threaten Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with ejectment from his proud post, he very astutely, if somewhat audaciously, suggested that the left wing of the Asquithites should secede to Labor and so redress the balance. But when all has been said, Labor-Socialism as a solid political force of great — it may be of unknown — strength has come to stay, and we have to try and be interested in their leaders, for the same reason that our fathers were anxious to understand the mentality of the great party-leaders of past years.

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Some may find this rather difficult. They may not be able to detect in the leadership of the I. L. P. the germs of a Pitt, a Palmerston, or a Salisbury; to find in rows of trades-union secretaries, elected to Parliament almost automatically for doing their own specialized tasks honestly and well, a fount of genius; or to find in twentieth-century Labor any sign of personalities likely to be remembered in history. They will say that a nation may vote people into power, but that it cannot make them intelligent or great — or even interesting.

In all this criticism there is some truth, — even if it smacks too much of the *laudator temporis acti*, — but by no means the whole truth. It is true that a pledge-bound party largely representing any sectional interest — a class, a church, a race — is no more a favorable breeding-ground for genius and independent thought than a regular army in peace-time. Genius does not rejoice in toeing a line. But parties must be given time to develop the atmosphere out of which they can produce great men, and the men themselves that experience which alone can cure them from the narrowness of parochialism or the vagueness of internationalism. As to the charge that respectable nonentities sit at Westminster representing certain classes, Toryism is hardly in a position to cast the first stone. That is why Labor and Toryism understand each other so well. Both can only be induced to accept intellect by progressive doses.

Labor personalities ought to be given time to make themselves interesting or even important to the public. Some have already done so — notably Mr. Keir Hardie and John Burns. In other cases a certain retirement, partly due to excessive virtue, partly to excessive shyness, and partly to a fear of jealousy, tends to keep the Labor leaders in the social background. Have they not recently been forbidden by resolution to dine with ordinary mortals?

Having put the case for and against, it seems to me that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald passes the tests as successfully as any man. Beginning life as a schoolteacher and secretary, he has risen against odds even more formidable than those which handicapped Mr. Lloyd George. His published works, without being brilliant, possess the sound presentation of an experienced and skilled controversialist. Eleven years of the secretaryship to his party taught him to understand the machine, and four years of the L. C. C. gave him a grip of local government.

But it is his capacity as a fierce party-chief, eloquent on the platform, skilled in Parliamentary tactics and debate, which has given him a leadership many of his followers would have preferred to see go elsewhere — could they have found an equally capable rival candidate. Mr. Clynes is the very embodiment of that sane trades-unionism whence most of the voting-power and all the money comes to Parliamentary Labor. But, though capable and respected, it was felt, during his term of leadership, that he could not speak quite on equal terms in the gate with the chosen of Conservatism and Liberalism. Mr. Thomas is probably by far the ablest mind among the Labor members. But he is too much of a statesman for one section of his party, and too much of a pugilist in outside industrial disputes for another. It is Ramsay MacDonald's sheer debating supremacy over all his rivals which brought him the seat of honor — even though it be studded with thorns.

He was returned to Parliament in the same year that I was, and no man ever set himself more assiduously to understand the procedure and grasp the atmosphere of the House. He was

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training himself in debate and knowledge against future opportunity. It is said now that he is becoming a trifle too loud in method and in voice. But, after all, did not such a mild-mannered individual as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, flushed with the sense of a big poll at a recent General Election, thump the box and exclaim, 'Enough of this foolery!' An extra-assertiveness of manner may make up in the eyes of some of his followers for the fact that their leader is hardly prepared to make the streets of Glasgow run with blood.

In 1914 disaster overtook him. After war was declared he spoke in Parliament seldom, but always in a pacifist or defeatist sense, and his record in the contest was such a black one that he lost his seat at Leicester in 1918 by an overwhelming majority. Anyone who had not studied the record of the democracies in dealing with the opponents of great wars might have imagined that politically he was ruined. He was a pro-German, according to his adversaries; one habitually referred to with approval in the enemy press under the confused title of Ramsay and MacDonald. Should such a man ever again lead a Labor Party which both in words and action had repudiated the taint of anti-patriotism? It did not seem very likely.

But the prophets forgot the reaction which follows great national efforts. When the excitement has subsided, when last night's champagne is flat, nations forget the glory and the necessity, and are only conscious of the sacrifice and the consequences. The oysters have been eaten and the bill still remains to be paid. In these circumstances the pacifist acquires a kind of immunity compounded of exhaustion and forgetfulness. Nay more, he has proved a man buying a good stock at the very bottom of the market, feeling sure that it must rise. He can always declare that he is not responsible for a 5*s.* income-tax. It is like the eclipse which awaits the great man of letters in the period which follows his death before posterity returns to an ultimate judgment.

History has damned Fox for his factious opposition to the Governments which preserved us from Napoleonic domination, and history will equally condemn Ramsay MacDonald for the far lesser evil he had the power to do to a Britain which was fighting for its life against the Kaiser. But in the meantime the issue is dead, and is only springing into life at the moment when the Labor Party is likely to have a decisive word in the direction of national foreign policy.

I should say that the real objection that the writer of the future will take to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's attitude on the war is that he was not sufficiently fanatical to be deemed a completely honest fanatic. Unlike Mr. Snowden, he did not fight absolutely blindly for peace and internationalism at any price. Like Mr. Gladstone, he continually rested under the suspicion of trimming his sails to catch a veering of the wind of popular opinion. On the responsibility for the war, on the duty of aiding recruiting, and finally on conscription, he was one who would go to the very limit of pacifism, and then shrink back as though frightened by the hostility which his spoken and written words aroused. The result was a series of not very edifying conflicts about 'misreporting' or 'misrepresentation.'

There are those who imagine that because the Leader of the Opposition has given his more extreme or noisy followers a hint or two on Parliamentary decorum he would prove, if ever he became Premier, a kind of Labor Whig, seeking nothing but to curb the radical excesses of his more

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rabid followers. This is a mistake due to a confusion between manners — or methods — on one side and principles on the other. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a Socialist of the Chair — as much of a doctrinaire as Robespierre or Cobden, both men ready to apply cast-iron doctrines of existence to humanity without any immediate regard for questions of life and happiness. That his own Socialism is growing a trifle démodé is nothing but a new proof of the invariable fate which has always overtaken the gentlemen of the Left since the Devil, as the first Radical, discovered that 'in the lowest deep, a lower deep, still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide.'

It has certainly been a thirty years' march from Sidney Webb to Trotskii; and Mr. MacDonald has not traveled the whole course swiftly enough. But what he would of his own volition like to do to the suffering people of this country would be quite sufficiently startling in itself. Those who think the Leader of the Opposition a moderate, mistake the temperament of their man. His very appointment was the triumph of the intellectual extremism of the I. L. P. over the plodding moderation of trades-unionism.

But he has declared himself a Constitutionalist. Those who see in this fact a reassurance against the violence of the language used on the Clyde appear to be easily comforted. It is precisely the Socialism of Violence which is most likely to defeat itself. And this is especially the case in England. Only once in the last thousand years has England been subjected to armed revolution and the government of a violent minority. The Reign of the Saints, however different its ideals, was constitutionally the exact counterpart of the Red Army, and fell in 1660 amid universal rejoicing after a short and bitter experiment.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's method of peaceful penetration would be far more insidious and far more likely to achieve initial success than any doctrine based on violence. The British Constitution has so developed as to give little formal protection against the spoliation of property. Its makers proceeded on the principle that the conception of property would always, at all times, with all parties, be sacred to Parliament. Admitting this, there were manifest political advantages in giving the House of Commons almost absolute powers over finance as a means of promoting the popular control of the Executive.

All this is altered. A definite challenge, which cannot be disregarded, has been issued to the very existence of property. The largest Opposition group in the House, notoriously aiming at government, has supported its destruction, as such, in a formal motion in the House of Commons, and in four days a Socialist Government will be in office. Yet we are absolutely without the safeguards against hasty action in a matter of vital importance to the community which the more rigid type of written Constitution affords the citizens of the United States. Our more flexible instrument might permit what was in effect a social revolution, like the Reformation or the putting-down of England to grass and pasturage by a simple majority or even an actual minority of the people in a single session. Private property could practically be wiped out in a Finance Bill — if a tax of 100 per cent on such property were certified as a purely financial measure. Yet this revolution would be purely 'constitutional' in the sense of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

The danger lies in that public apathy and skepticism, in face of the Socialist menace, which alone prevents the union of political and Parliamentary

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forces sufficiently strong in combination to ward it off. The comfortable sort exclaim, 'Oh, these resolutions are but formal and pious opinions. The Socialists do not mean what they say. The trades-unions themselves own property, and Socialists themselves have six different policies — and could agree on none. The British workingman would never consent to a policy of pure spoliation.'

This last contention might be true if the British workingman had only more insight than the middle-class quietist as to what would be the consequence of casting a Parliamentary vote for his most respectable trades-union secretary.

But in fact the political situation has not worked out in this way at all. The existing Government becomes unpopular for some quite different reason; or perhaps a terrible error of judgment is committed. There is a wave of reaction in the country, and before anyone quite knows what has happened Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as a type of convinced intellectual Socialist with a tame Labor Party, is in power with an instrument to hand in the Budget more effective than any method of exactions which could be wielded by the mediæval kings.

That is why the character of the Labor Socialist is as well worth studying by those who believe in the principle of private property as that of Cromwell would have been, when he sat in Parliament as an unknown man, by the supporters of the Crown. And I read the mind of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as possessing all the rigidity of the school of Mr. Sidney Webb with a slightly artificial reëcho of the passion that seems bred on the Clyde. Flexible as a Parliamentarian, he is dogmatic as a schoolmaster. And if the forces which are opposed to Socialism do not forget their other differences and band themselves together in time, this schoolmaster and secretary may be the new, if paler, Cromwell, who will yet give modern England a taste of what the kingdom of the latter-day saints means to life, property, and happiness.

For now, as unexpectedly as superfluously, the errors of others have antedated by ten — perhaps by twenty — years the moment in which these grave issues are to be tried out. So incredible has been the succession of these mistakes that Mr. MacDonald may fairly retort to criticism that his own policy, however unfortunate, can involve little further failure, and no further discredit. And indeed the distinction is, after all, only between those who make a conclusion achievable and those who achieve it.

But the sceptre has been forfeited by one, and grasped by another. By the manner in which he wields it — be the time long or short — Mr. MacDonald may perhaps show that he is either smaller or greater than the man indicated in the estimate — not intended to be unfriendly — which I have attempted in the foregoing paragraphs.

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THE FRENCH GIRL FACES MARRIAGE

BY MARCEL PRÉVOST

[*Marcel Prévost is one of the older French novelists who achieved his first distinction with* Le Scorpion. *Of late years he has devoted his effort to the study of the French middle class, but besides writing novels he has achieved a reputation as the author of* Billets à Françoise. *Now that the Françoise to whom he wrote has long been married and has children of her own, the elderly novelist seeks to understand the spirit of modern youth through conversation with Françoise's daughter, Juliette.*]

From *Figaro, December* 26
(PARIS RADICAL-PARTY DAILY)

JULIETTE is too much of a realist not to know that feminine stock has fallen, and she sees the reasons for the decline. A young girl of her age has three or four 'classes' — as they say in the military law — of possible husbands which were not decimated and worn out by the war, for the last class mobilized was eighteen years old in 1918; but above that fatal age,—which corresponds to an age of twenty-three in the year 1923, — one class after another of men only a few years older has been decimated or destroyed. Result: there are plenty of marriageable girls of ages corresponding with theirs, who are competing with the eighteen-year-old Juliette on advantageous terms — for our Juliettes know very well that the men who were in the war are not in a hurry to get married.

The line between the two epochs is sharp and clear. It is among the very young men, the young men scarcely older than themselves, — the ones who did not go to war and whose character was formed, like their own, during the progress of the war but at a distance from the front, — that the Juliettes of eighteen are destined to find their husbands — if they are ever to find any. It is a fact that extremely youthful marriages, and with a very slight difference between the ages of the couple, are more frequent to-day than they ever were.

So Juliette has to marry in her own generation, and Juliette knows her own generation very well. She knows them and she judges them. She knows that they are by no means feminized — that, unlike the generation before the war, they are about as much concerned with women as so many young Englishmen. She knows that they are quite aware of their own increased value — which gives them an advantage over young girls — and that, regarding money as a prime necessity, they are resolved to go without a wife rather than without money — resolved in consequence to choose only from young girls who have dots. Juliette knows too that if, after they have been talking about a marriageable young girl, somebody says to them, 'Only her dot is rather small,' it is very much like saying, 'Only she's a Negress, you know,' or else 'Only her mother is shut up in Sainte-Anne.' Juliette's pals (*copains*) are not chary of expressing their opinions. Juliette knows all this, but she does not hold it against them. She even believes *that they are right.*

She thinks they are right because she knows very well what she looks for in marriage herself. Feeling no very irresistible yearning to be married, she

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demands a good deal of comfort, plus a degree of liberty equal to that she enjoyed as a young girl. ('Don't you think I'm reasonable, uncle? I don't ask any more.') It is all very well for a young girl to be stone-broke (*purée*), but for a wife — no. Why? Because a young girl has always in the future the possibility of a big marriage, but a wife's prospects are settled, and it is poverty for good and all.

Starting out from this standpoint, Juliette — who is a clear-thinking and realistic young creature — says to herself: 'If I were a young man, I should have to be very well off for cash (*pèze*) before I would marry Juliette Despeyroux.' Far from holding it against a bachelor who confides to her his resolution not to take the plunge (*marcher*) except for a good big dowry, she thinks he is perfectly right, and even applauds him. She would not, it must be admitted, reject the man who showed contrary sentiments, but she would think him a poor sort (*pauv' type*)!

Circumstances being thus, a Juliette Despeyroux is naturally led to consider the fact that she will have to yield on certain requirements if she is to achieve in her marriage her irreducible demands — to wit, independence and fortune. On which points is a young girl to make concessions — on the good looks of her future husband, on his education and social class, or on his age?

Juliette will not yield on such points as education and social standing. Better be an old maid forever than live with an ill-educated man. As for good looks, it may as well be understood that Juliette talks freely enough and not without admiration of men's appearance — which sometimes shocks her mother. I have several times determined that these good looks do not at all rouse in her any desire to get married. 'Good-looking' men seem even to constitute a class apart, not to be considered in marriage.

Then there are the men who are 'all right' (*bien*) — a huge category. A man may be homely and still be 'all right,' if he has a good presence, or an air of force or decision, or a certain fineness of feature, or intelligence, or extreme care of his person, or easy manners, or if he dresses well.

Last of all, there are the 'hopeless' (*mal*) men, who have precisely the opposite characteristics. The upshot of it all is that a man's age does not render him ineligible in Juliette's eyes, unless it conflicts with the qualities that make him 'all right.' Suppose age keeps him from walking with an easy swing, or gives him a tired, worn-out air, or makes him obviously ridiculous.

In short, Juliette will never compromise on the education of her future husband. Neither will she compromise on his outward appearance to the point of marrying a 'hopeless' man. But, in spite of this, her category of men who are 'all right' is wide open so far as both age and outward appearance are concerned.

One objection occurred to me: 'But suppose, Juliette, you should fall in love with a man who is "all right," and yet has no money.'

She replied: 'I never fall in love with anybody.'

'That is well enough for the past, but what about the future?'

After a second's reflection she made this reply, which is not without depth: 'When that time comes, I shall not be myself any more, and so I don't know.'

When Juliette talks of herself, she always uses a tone of badinage. In her ordinary mood she is really persuaded that she will get married, that she will get married soon, and that she will make a suitable marriage. (She is quite right.) On days when she is in a

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bad humor she vows that nothing is worth so much as independence, and she devises plans for the future in which practical good sense is tempered by an amusing naïveté. The indispensable elements of this independent life are a big atelier, with a bathroom; low-built furniture, very comfy; traveling; having visits from her friends, but keeping whole weeks of complete solitude; hearing good music; reading; sports.

'And the cash for all this, Juliette?'

'I have my dot. I will get enough extra for what I need by translating English books like (here there was the name of a friend) or going into a hospital to nurse like (the name of another friend).'

'And what about love?'

Juliette sent me 'out for a walk' (she really has no respect for me). But she never does consent to talk seriously and sincerely on that subject anyhow. All you can get out of her is 'I should worry' (*Je m'en fiche*), which is either an admission of failure or else pure bluff. My own opinion is that she is very likely to think seriously of love, that she is rather afraid of it, that she would rather not think of it, because she sees in it a *limitation of her independence* and a definite defeat in the warfare of the sexes.

IDEALISTIC REVOLT IN GERMANY

BY MEYRICK BOOTH

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, January* 19
(London Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

'The downfall of Western civilization can be prevented only by the birth in the rising generation of new spiritual and vital forces.' Thus writes Dr. F. W. Foerster, one of the leading critics and exponents of the German Youth Movement — *Jugendbewegung*.

One of the few bright spots in the perspective of modern life is the amazing development of this movement. From a small beginning a few years before the war in the neighborhood of Berlin, the Jugendbewegung has assumed immense proportions, and now totals some million or more members.

The nature of this phenomenon is but little understood outside Germany — and, indeed, it cannot be fully grasped save by those who are well acquainted with German psychology and present-day social conditions. A foreigner sees crowds of young fellows and girls marching out into the country with guitar and song, or traveling for days together from town to town, singing or dancing in exchange for their night's lodging. 'What is this?' he cries — and is told, 'Oh, these are the *Wandervögel*, boys and girls of the Jugendbewegung.' He sees the external side of this new life, the singing, marching, dancing, camping; the great reunions in country houses, when hundreds gather for the week-end, or for a holiday conference; but he does not know enough of the unique inward history of the movement to know that it is something radically different from

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any boy-scout or holiday-fellowship organization, or from anything known outside Germany.

The German Jugendbewegung is a *revolution*. It is not — like, say, the boy scouts — a training-school for youth, more or less organized by grown-ups for the betterment of the young generation. It was not started by teachers, or parents, or any other adults, as a movement for young people. It is not a movement *for* youth; it is a movement *by* youth.

The Jugendbewegung is the revolt of the healthy young men and women of Germany against the decadence and materialism of the modern world. It began largely as a rebellion against educational and parental authority, and went to extreme and very dangerous lengths in casting off the restraints and discipline of the home and school.

The formal founder of the movement was Karl Fischer of Steglitz, but the unexpected rapidity with which it spread over the whole country proved that it was in no sense due to any special personal work or influence. It was from the very first a spontaneous upheaval of energetic and idealistic youth. Soon it had burst all the bounds conceived by its early disciples. It sprouted into dozens of branches, each numbering thousands of adherents, some emphasizing one aspect of the revolt, some another. In the years 1905–1910 there came into being, in addition to the original Wandervögel, the Young Wandervögel, the New German Wandervögel, the *Landfahrer*, the *Geusen*, the 'Vagabonds,' the 'Vikings,' the People's Wandervögel, the Girls' Wandervögel, and many others — all with their magazines and organizations.

A great landmark in the history of the movement was the gathering of 2000 adherents at Cassel, in October 1913, to discuss their general aims and their attitude toward social, political, and religious problems. The motto of the conference was 'Salvation lies in self-education.' Education should be here understood, however, rather in the sense of moral and spiritual development than in any intellectual sense. Dominated by the idea that youth must realize itself and come to inward clarity before attempting to reform the world, the conference rejected all attempts to enlist the Youth Movement in the cause of definite social, religious, or political tendencies. In the words of one of its members, the movement began to develop into a search for 'the spiritual centre of life' — *Programm der Verinnerlichung*.

The cry ran, 'Let us be human beings again. Let us leave the narrow rut of political organization and the technical materialistic pathways of modern science, with its soulless pursuit of dead knowledge. Let us again be living men and women.' As Dr. Foerster points out, this abstention from concrete practical aims makes it most difficult for the Anglo-Saxon to understand the movement. But the Jugendbewegung represents, more than anything else, *a new state of mind* — a direction of consciousness toward forgotten spiritual values.

In the magazine, *Johannisfeuer*, we read: 'Our aim is the return from decadent civilization to natural simplicity, from all that is external to what is inward and spontaneous, from futile pleasures to real joy, from selfishness to the spirit of brotherhood, from loose ways to thoughtful self-realization. We seek to set our souls right with God, with ourselves, with our fellows, and with Nature.' In another place — 'We must be new men ourselves, before we can do anything to help the others.'

This last sentence is specially typical of the whole tendency. By far the most extraordinary thing about the movement is that it has produced, in hun-

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dreds of thousands, young men and women who are entirely different from the ordinary young people of Germany or any other country. This difference is so marked that it is perfectly easy to pick out a member of one of the Jugend groups from among a number of other people. They are distinguished by their joy of living, their enthusiasm, their delight in what is natural and simple, their attachment to the life of the country.

Their attitude toward life has created a type which is outwardly recognizable almost at a glance. They do not smoke or drink; they do not participate in the demoralizing pleasures of German city life. Their recreations are marching to the guitar or violin, while singing their famous songs, many of which have been written for the movement; dancing, and social evenings and conferences in which religious and philosophical problems are often discussed.

From the very first, dancing played a peculiar and outstanding part in the life and propaganda of the movement. Some of the early groups marched through whole provinces, visiting nearly every town and inviting the population to dance with them in the market-place. In some places the extraordinary spectacle was witnessed of several thousand people dancing for hours on end to the music, and after the example, of the traveling Wandervögel. In the evening the available churches and meeting-places would be often crammed to suffocation to hear speakers from the Jugend group proclaim their message to the young people of Germany.

Dr. F. W. Foerster, in his book, *Jugendseele*, considers that the following are the main characteristic features of the movement, common to all the different groups and tendencies: —

1. Hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, and young men and women, have been brought into contact with Nature, taught to appreciate the simple beauties of their homeland, and given a taste for wholesome open-air pleasures.

2. A desire has been aroused for a simpler and purer life, in food, clothing, and in general conduct.

3. The old Germany has been rediscovered in song, dances, tales, games, manners; and best of all in the souls of the young people themselves.

4. A sound instinct has grown up in condemnation of modern decadence, laxity, coarseness, and lack of truth; and the young generation has begun to take a firm stand against national deterioration and immorality. Here we see a breaking-through of spontaneous ethical and religious impulses.

5. There is a development of a new spirit of brotherhood within the nation, brought about by the mingling of classes and the return to realities.

It is quite unnecessary to comment on the significance of a movement of such a kind and of such enormous extent at the present time.

At its best, it is an attempt to throw off the evil heritage of the nonmoral materialism of the last hundred and more years of European history, and to get back to simple fundamentals from which a fresh start can be made. At its worst, it shows excesses and exaggerations called forth by the resolve of youth to have nothing whatever to do with the authority and conventions of the preceding age. Without this determined rejection of the existing system, it would, however, have been impossible to make a clean start, nor would the movement have been able to gather such a sweeping impetus. The demerits of the Jugendbewegung are thus in a sense inseparable from its very nature as a radical upheaval of youth.

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A NEW GENERATION IN AUSTRIA

BY BERTHA PAULI

From *Neue Freie Presse, January 4*
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

'SIX pages and six girls robed in white tabards, ornamented with rosettes and real roses, dance in and group themselves on either side of the door. Then the youths come leaping in, in white fleshings and pink vests, with roses at their throats, long green coats, and three-cornered hats with pink rosettes. Their legs are wound with pink bands.'

This was the vision of incarnate youth as it appeared to our great playwright poet Raimund in the unforgettable scene of his *Bauer als Millionär*, which Wilhelm Scherer staged as the most beautiful allegory in world literature. The refrain still rings in the ear of every Austrian who remembers its simple and familiar symbolism: —

'*Brüderlein fein, Brüderlein fein . . .*'

How would a native poet of our own time represent the embodiment of youth? True it is that so long as our race persists youth will remain fundamentally the same in its elasticity before the blows of fate, in its vigor, in its responsiveness, and in its readiness for those hopes which stretch before us like a fairy forest shielding us from distant gloomy Death, who conquers all things. And yet the roses and the draperies and the surging waltz rhythm are hardly the kind of thing that a modern artist would select as representative of youth. Our means of expression to-day have changed. Youth is as eternal as sunrise; but its earthly representatives no longer look upon the world with the same eyes as the children of '48, and even the older generation of to-day regards the springtime of existence in an entirely different way.

We are familiar with the unrest of youth. We have — perhaps more completely than our predecessors — learned to understand the sorrow of youth. We are more accustomed to physical privation and to spiritual want, for it is with difficulty that thousands of us can keep soul and body plodding on together. We see more keenly the psychic struggles of adolescence, and the growth of intellectual comprehension that often in despair rebels against the dullness and insipidity of this vale of tears; and on the other hand we observe with dismay that the youthful idealism which once saw Heaven opening before it, and which broke out in enthusiastic self-abandon, is to-day being strangled or forced into a crude brutality. Sometimes it seems as if the youth of our day were casting aside 'all bonds of due restraint' which the indispensable claims of civilization demand through their inner worth and human claims, while this same youth does not for a moment dispense with the bonds of prejudice and every kind of spiritual limitation.

Incredible occurrences like the excesses in our universities, atrocities like the brutality shown toward a girl student by her masculine colleagues, throw a harsh light upon the generation that represents our future. All too easily does one reach the conclusion that modern youth equips itself not with garlands of roses but with the

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assassin's steel, the blackjack, and the knuckle-duster. The astounding, the sensational — that is what forces decisions, and all too often false ones. Yet never must it be forgotten that over against the young people who use these rowdy methods as propaganda for *Deutschtum* — although in truth there is no more plausible justification for the hateful prejudice against the 'Boche' — there stands a far more numerous body of Austrian youth which values human qualities and strives for them as much as the other group despises them.

The outbreaks of youthful representatives of higher education who never suspect that culture implies obligations — just as once noble birth implied obligations — are partly accounted for by the prolonged effects of the war psychosis, fostered by the French policy of violence. Nothing can have a more deadly effect on peoples and individuals than to be forced, while defenseless, to endure insolent oppression. The excess of our national feeling bursts out against fictitious 'domestic enemies' because it is powerless against the oppressor beyond the frontier. Mistaken notions of honor readily lead men whose habits of life make them scarcely capable of resisting the temptation into acts of brutality and violence. Jews and Protestants and other 'domestic foes' have often been falsely accused of poisoning the wells. Poincaré is doing something much worse: he poisons souls.

Only with reservations and an open mind can an observer form a picture of the youth of our day which is at least partially correct. The individualities of the rising generation seem to have become far more manifold than before. At least their differences make themselves far more apparent. A special tour of study would be necessary in order to determine the common characteristics of the younger generation of the various nations, for what violent contrasts, how many types and personalities appear, even among the youthful inhabitants of our fatherland — which is relatively so small! From the leader of a band of child thieves to the heroic young student starving for an education, from the flapper (*Luxusbackfisch*) to the young working girl who goes to night school at the end of her hard day and the officer's daughter who supports her mother by tutoring, not to mention the scarcely known peasant lads shut off from the circles which are actually dependent on them — who will venture to make a sharp and decisive judgment which shall embrace them all?

Yet with all their individual differences, in spite of inevitable characteristics common to all youth, the coming generation seems quite different from Austria's young people of a decade ago. Two influences have had most to do with this transformation: one, the increased bitterness of the struggle for existence; the other, sport. The young girl treated as a household pet, lovely as a well-tended hothouse flower, is pretty generally disappearing; and among the young men a precociously keen eye for the practical is developing which leads to resolute self-reliance, readiness for responsibility, sometimes even to indifference in business honesty.

'Nach Golde drängt, am Golde hängt doch alles!
Ach, wir Armen!'

as Faust's Gretchen sighed in the first moments of self-knowledge; and for Hans and Gretchen in 1923 this expression is certainly no less appropriate, although the voices of modern youth do not take readily to elegiac expression.

Youth and maid to-day must both

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learn to dare and venture in a hostile world. That the feminine half of our youth should still find its girlish charm the strongest weapon in the struggle for existence, and in many cases the best stake in a more or less intense gamble, is hardly to be wondered at. The naïve little thing, the unwritten page, who first took on significance and color from her husband, *la petite oie blanche*, is coming more and more to be a mere relic of a bygone age. All the more fortunate, then, is the true maidenhood, the instinctive modesty which resists the degradation of love through cynicism and brutality. Yet the Brunhilda type has grown less frequent in a period which to the right of activity joins a demand for joy for every man, and at the same time, through sheer economic need, makes honorable satisfaction of the quest for pleasure appallingly difficult. Yet, as in earlier years of economic confusion and moral laxity, so now there is still a contrasting group whose womanhood victoriously stands as an ideal — a distinctive élite in every class. The ideal of womanhood has undergone a transformation, but it still endures. . . .

The establishment of better, more natural, and more comradely relations between young people is one of the great results of that systematic voluntary training of the body and development of skill that we call sport. The word, which is of mixed English and French origin, like the activity for which it stands, first came into use in an earlier generation. Although sport is occasionally mentioned in reminiscences of the eighteenth century, — as, for example, the skiing course in the classic days at Weimar, — of late years it has spread all over the continent and penetrated all classes of society — frequently at the expense of strictly intellectual training. The word 'sport' was admitted to the dictionary of the French Academy in 1878, mute evidence of the relationship between philology and the history of national culture.

Few invasions have had so strong an influence upon the mentality and habits of youth. The necessary gymnastic garb prevents prudery. The powerful impulse toward self-reliance and the feeling of independence, the manifold demands on presence of mind, create a capacity for resistance. The free companionship with the other sex, the association of boys and girls in the open air, the struggle with the inclemency of the seasons, operate as a check on passion. Under the influence of sport the sentimentality and sickish gallantry of an earlier time become sterner, even though sometimes finding expression in ruder forms. One might even venture the assertion that sport is the chief influence which has made our youth what it is. The younger generation is not bad at the core. Dismaying changes, the outcome of a time of unparalleled political unsettlement, must not keep us from seeing what is good. The protest of open-minded students against the excesses of their blindly violent fellows was fine and worthy.

A crowd of young working men and girls running into the thousands witnessed the production in the Volkshalle, on the anniversary of the founding of our republic, of a scene from Romain Rolland's *The Time Will Come*, presented by a youthful producer. The penetrating words of insight and understanding ring like a warning that there is another France, distinct from Germany's destroyer, — the France of Jaurès, the martyr of intellectual freedom, of that bitter accuser Zola, and of all those great men whose work is shamed and falsified by French imperialism, — and these words find an eager echo among their young hearers.

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Austria has also a younger generation of honest, outspoken idealism which is free from brutality. How could an artist represent it? Not with one figure, certainly, but only with a youth and a maiden side by side, — perhaps in sport clothes, — hand in hand, gazing thoughtfully and gravely into the distance — into a better future in spite of everything.

THE REVIVAL IN THE BALTIC STATES

BY W. R. BAUM-HARMSEN

[*There has been during the past year a decided quickening of trade between the new Baltic States, which were at one time Swedish possessions, and the Scandinavian countries. Credits have been extended and in Sweden and Denmark the new landowners across the Baltic have bought both agricultural machinery and blooded stock. There they have also gone to learn up-to-date farm methods.*]

From the *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, November* 15
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

In the Border States across the Baltic — Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania — life is every month returning more and more to normal grooves. The situation is not the same as before the war, but it resembles it in many respects. Transportation is as yet imperfect, but it is improving. The industries of Riga have not wholly risen from the ruins left by the Russian 'evacuation' of 1915–1916, but to anyone who three years ago traveled up the Dvina and saw smoke rise only from the chimneys of the electric power station, the numerous smoke columns, right and left, seem like spring signs of a new era.

And in Reval things are even better. Here the factories were, on the whole, left untouched. If you want a good perspective, climb the Cathedral Hill. You will first be impressed by the landscape: the old centre of the city, the new sections, the suburbs with their villas, the mast-filled harbor, the old churches, the crumbling old fortifications, warehouses, ships — everything apparently risen from the sea which on three sides frames the picture. But if you look closer you will also soon identify the extensive industrial district where visibly and audibly work goes on under full steam.

From time immemorial Lithuania has been an agricultural district. But what factories there are in Kovno and elsewhere are again busy, and new workshops, some of them backed by foreign capital, are rising. Still greater gain has been shown in these countries by exports and imports. The foreign trade, as well as the transit trade of Russia, has grown and doubled many times during the past three years.

Finally we come to the lifeblood of economic life — namely, money. At first all these new countries had to go through the financial diseases of childhood. Now these have been overcome and in all three States the currency has been stabilized. In Lithuania, to be

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sure, the *lit*, nominally worth one tenth of a dollar, has sunk to one eleventh, but, after all, that is a comparatively slight depreciation. The Esthonian mark, on the other hand, has hardly changed value since 1922. They still use big figures in Esthonia, — one dollar is worth 350 marks, — but the essential requirement, stability, has been achieved. Latvia has changed the local ruble, which during the first years after the foundation of the State also kept sliding down, for a monetary unit of much greater value, the *lat*, which now has the same value as a Swiss franc. The main thing is that it has remained stable since the reform in 1922. One dollar is worth 5.05 lat.

With sound psychological insight Latvia has recently introduced metal coins instead of paper. The rather handsome Latvian *santimis* (centimes) — street-car fares of twelve santimis, plain but abundant meals at eighty santimis, and railroad tickets from Riga to Reval (about 220 miles) at 15 lat, 20 santimis — have a quieting effect on the nerves after the astronomical figures used in Germany, Poland, and Russia.

'Here,' you say, 'things are beginning to straighten out.'

A further confirmation of this you get from visits to private families. There is no food shortage. There are poor people and more of them than before the war, but once more they are an exception. In comparison with Germany, where hidden and frequently open need is the rule, where millions actually suffer from undernourishment, the Baltic Border States seem a veritable El Dorado.

Scratching a little deeper down, you discover, however, that of the former prosperity there is left only a modest fraction. In particular have the middle classes been obliged to reduce their standard of living. The salaries of officials and the incomes from the professions are hardly half what they were. As a single illustration I will cite a case from Latvia, where the salary of a cabinet member is only six hundred lat a month or the equivalent of two hundred and fifty gold rubles ($120). Before the war every minor official, if fairly well educated, received that much. The average income of a brain worker varies from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty lat a month. But there is a tendency to hide the true situation. The old ruble is a popular medium of exchange, and by habit prices are reckoned in rubles instead of lats. Since fifty rubles are the same as one lat, an Esthonian can say: 'After all, I earn eight thousand, ten thousand, twelve thousand rubles a month,' and thus play hide-and-seek with himself.

And what private individuals do on a small scale the business men, the big enterprises, do on a large one. Everywhere the capital investments have shrunk, but they are expressed in rubles, so as to sound more impressive.

Having been stabilized, the domestic currency can now be used for savings — a great gain. It also has apparently sufficient backing, even for exceptional circumstances. But the supply is limited. Everywhere there is a demand for capital. To a certain extent it is available, but very cautiously. There is no lack of confidence in the economic conditions, but how about political security?

After all, the principal difference between the past and the present is the change in political authority. From the Russian collapse the small nations, the Esthonians, the Letts, the Lithuanians, have gained an independent existence, thanks partly to the fact that they had stronger companions in misery, Poles, Finns, and others, and partly to the aid of the Western Powers in blocking new attempts at annexation by Russia.

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But an uncertain fate hangs over these small States. The difference in latent power is too apparent. Moreover, the Russian desire to recover ice-free and promising harbors still remains. Without the Baltic States Russia is hardly a part of Europe. It has been shut out: everywhere it is the outcast, the inferior, the defeated — a position that a really strong Power can hardly accept with patience for long. Therefore the new Baltic States have something provisional about them.

If we look back on the history of these regions we see that their political existence has always been 'provisional.' Yet for the individual, even for the generations of individuals, these temporary arrangements suffice for sowing and reaping, for becoming rich or poor, for making careers, for creating art — in brief, for the fulfillment of personal fate. Everywhere in the Baltic States the main effort is now directed toward getting a roof overhead for the time being and for some time to come. What, after all, is permanent in this world? Now is the time to set the hand to the plough.

Russia itself, through its Soviet form of government, has contributed most toward arousing sympathies for the Border States and good wishes for their continuance. Russia has showed itself unexpectedly slow in again taking part in the world's trade. Its methods of making itself count have added disappointment to disappointment. Under such circumstances Europe has directed its sympathies and capital toward these Border States. This has been especially true of German, — particularly Eastern German, — English, Scandinavian, Belgium, Dutch, Czech, and American investors, who have thus aided the Baltic States to get wind in their sails.

Even now, when the Russian trade is recovering, they are not losing. They have done everything toward directing the transit traffic through their territories, aided by their geographical situation and the technical advantages of their harbors over that of Petrograd, which has yet to be reconstructed. And Russian importers have shown themselves more tractable in the Border States than elsewhere.

Furthermore, with the reconstruction of these countries, their own trade is increasing. Many prophets gave them only a couple of years to live and now they have existed an entire three-year period. Cautiously, but increasingly, the outside world is beginning to invest money in them, thereby playing the rôle of a partner who is anxious to preserve and develop his property. Whoever owns a mortgage on a house cannot wish it to burn down, and moreover he wants to insure it against danger.

Still keener is the interest of the inhabitants themselves. Whatever may divide these young nations, — the agrarian revolution, with its consequences for the racial minorities, stands in the foreground, — they are united in their determination to uphold the power of the State, at least in Esthonia and Latvia. Even the sons of the ruined German owners of the big estates in Esthonia and Latvia, whom the revolution already mentioned drove without compensation from their properties, have now, together with their co-racials, decided in favor of the Border States. Just as they fought in 1919 against the Bolsheviki, so they would again join 'Baltic' regiments. Compared with the Russian revolution, their own was a minor evil. The German Balts are a persistent race who for centuries have grown attached to this soil. No one now believes in counter-revolutions, either against Russia or any other State. The time for adventures of this sort is over. Even the

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Russian émigrés are giving up the 'revanche' idea and becoming quiet citizens. They have become familiar with the notion that a provisional existence for a State may mean the entire lifetime of an individual.

'Border States' — an accurately descriptive name. Intended to have reference to geographic position, it can also apply to time. These provinces have always been transit-lands and bridgeheads. Such they are now, not only between two aggregations of countries, two groups of nations, two civilizations, two political worlds, but also between two ages. The problems of the future are unmistakable — their solution more than ever a riddle.

HOME RULE AND HOMESPUN

BY C. F. ANDREWS

[*Since this was written Mohandas Gandhi, the native champion of home rule in India, has been set free from prison by the new British Labor Government. Concerning the writer of this article the editor of the* Manchester Guardian *says: 'Mr. Andrews has been for many years an intimate friend and coworker of Rabindranath Tagore, as he was also of the late Mr. W. W. Pearson. He is perhaps the foremost living authority among white men on Indian native opinion.'*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, January* 31
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

THE elections which have just been concluded in India can give to the English onlooker but a poor representation of the actual feeling in the country. The Swaraj party — who may be called the Nationalists of the Left — had only received permission from the National Congress to take part in the elections within a few weeks of the polls. That permission was very reluctantly given; and a large proportion of the Non-Co-operators, who wished strictly to follow their leader, Mahatma Gandhi, stood out of the election altogether.

This meant that the Swaraj party by no means represented the full strength of the Non-Coöperative movement. There can be little doubt that if the whole energies of the Non-Coöperators had been devoted to winning the elections they would have swept the polls. With an experience of twenty years of Indian life, during which I have been more closely associated in India with the National movement and its leaders than any living European, Mrs. Besant alone excepted, the impression left on my mind by the election results is one of great surprise at the number of seats everywhere obtained by the Swaraj party.

Notice has been given by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya that he will move immediately a resolution demanding the release from prison of Mahatma Gandhi. I doubt if there will be a single Moderate whose seat depends on a popular vote hardened enough to vote against such a motion. If he does, he knows for certain that his seat will be lost at the next election. The only supporters whom the Government of

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India may count on to vote against the motion will be their own nominees and private members representing certain vested interests which depend on Government favor. This motion of Pandit M. M. Malaviya's will create an interest in the Councils among the masses in the Indian villages almost for the first time. For the villagers have hitherto faithfully observed Mahatma Gandhi's instructions and practically ignored the Councils altogether.

I find, since landing in England, that it is still necessary to explain that the title 'Mahatma,' which has been given by universal consent to Mr. Gandhi on account of his passive-resistance struggle in South Africa, does not imply anything occult or mysterious when used to designate him, but simply means 'Great Soul.' Such titles are given in India, first of all by popular consent, and then become common words of everyday use. 'Mahatma-ji' is the name by which Mr. Gandhi is universally known in India to-day.

It is vitally important to realize that among the masses of the common people in India the whole electoral system is unpopular owing to Mr. Gandhi's disapproval. It is regarded as a mere foreign innovation — to take part in which is to become identified with the Government. It has not yet to any considerable degree acclimatized itself to Indian life, which is a life of villages rather than of towns. I can understand how extraordinarily difficult it is to realize this in England, where elections are commonplace events affecting the whole people. But if we are not very careful we are in danger of mistaking what is still merely a side current in Indian affairs for the main stream.

There has been no one in all my recollections of India who has understood the masses of the people like Mahatma Gandhi. He has held them in the hollow of his hand, and even from jail he still holds them to-day. The reasons for his great influence among the masses are twofold — his saintliness and his voluntary poverty. He has lived their own life at all times and shared with them their desperate hardships. I have seen them coming to him and pleading, 'Mahatmaji, *do* take more care of yourself. You are the only one in the world who understands us. If you die, who is to look after us?'

He is as different from any political leader in the West as it is possible to imagine. Only in a country so essentially religious as India would such a saint be made into a political leader. Perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, which shows his magnetic personality, is the fact that he has carried away with him on a wave of high enthusiasm very nearly the whole of the English-educated Indian community, men and women who have received the full training of the West.

In London I have been living in the Indian Students' Hostel, in Gower Street, and the reverence for Mahatma Gandhi's name is quite universal. There is no difference of opinion about him. This brings me to a second astonishing factor. The enthusiasm of Indian Mohammedans for him is as great as that of Hindus. He is the one man in modern times who has united the whole of India — rich and poor, caste and outcaste, Hindu and Muslim.

I have often pondered over the nature of his supreme influence, and more and more it has seemed to me to be due to the two things I have mentioned — his saintliness and his voluntary poverty. At one time, as every Indian knows, he was earning by his brilliant talents at the bar £5000 a year in Johannesburg, in South Africa. He kept open house with lavish hospitality. But after reading Tolstoi's life and corresponding with him he abandoned everything he possessed and clad himself in the

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coarse homespun dress of a village peasant and began to plough and spin and weave at Tolstoi Farm. That was thirty years ago, and he has never since abandoned this life of extreme poverty.

When he goes to see the Viceroy he wears the same villager's dress. When he was asked at his trial, as a prisoner, to state his occupation, he said, 'A farmer and a weaver.' When he found that, owing to high prices after the war, it was impossible for the poverty-stricken villagers to wear more than a loin cloth, even in the cold weather, he determined to do the same.

The essential feature about Mahatma Gandhi's political programme was that he made the educated classes and the Government of India itself face the reality of the poverty of India. That poverty was to him the one vital problem to be solved. It was because he found the Government of India failing to face that problem that — to use his own word — he became a 'rebel' and refused to coöperate with it.

So utterly bent upon reality was he that at the very height of the political ferment, when passions had been aroused on all sides and extremist views were carrying everyone away in the excitement, he suddenly startled Lord Reading by offering voluntarily to drop his own boycott of the British Government and to coöperate again if the Viceroy would only join with him in a campaign against the drink and drug traffic and would help forward home spinning and home weaving in order to recuperate the village life of India and make it morally healthy. If these things were done, he said, it would be the first sign of repentance on the part of the British Government for 'the wrongs done at Amritsar and the infamous Treaty of Sèvres.' It would also be the first step toward complete Indian Swaraj.

He added, characteristically, that he knew that Lord Reading was bound hand and foot by a military budget which only the drink and drugs revenue made solvent, and that Lancashire would never allow the British Government to foster an industry which would destroy the trade in cotton goods on which Lancashire people depended. Nevertheless, he added, if the British Government, as a sign of repentance for wrongs done in the past by the oppression of the village poor, could shake itself free from vested interests and could take boldly the side of the poor and become their true protector, he on his part was ready to coöperate and to throw his whole strength into a united effort for the relief of the desperate poverty of India.

This offer of coöperation was made perfectly clear to the Government of India, but it was not even debated. No conference was called and the Non-Coöperation movement went on. To me, at the time, this appeared to be a failure in Lord Reading's statesmanship which was almost unaccountable. For I believe him to be essentially a Liberal at heart. Probably 'prestige' more than anything else stood in the way, and it had been determined not to parley with 'rebels.'

This brings me to the point where the Indian situation to-day, in perhaps its most fundamental aspect, directly affects Lancashire. There is one word which is on every Indian's lips. It is not the word 'councils,' but the Indian word 'khaddar.' Its meaning is 'homespun cotton,' and the supreme effort is being made to clothe the people of India once more with homespun cotton cloth instead of the mill-made product. The economic argument is used that India, because of its monsoon, is like no other country in the world. Its climate is divided into one long dry season, during which very little agricultural work can be done, and one short

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wet season, during which the village agriculturists must work long hours in order to get the cultivation completed. The one problem, therefore, of the 800,000 villages of India, if poverty is to be avoided, is how to employ usefully the slack months of the year, in the dry season, when very little agricultural work is possible.

This problem, so it is asserted, was solved in ancient India by the use of the home spinning wheel and the village loom. Each village produced its khaddar, and thus saved the expense of purchase from abroad. The argument runs on that Lancashire during last century profoundly disturbed this village economic life of India by flooding India with cheap cotton goods. Little by little the temptation to buy these Lancashire goods and to wear them, instead of the coarse homespun, crept in. This became the fashion in India even among the poor.

In direct consequence of this change the arts of home spinning and home weaving died out. India became almost entirely dependent upon foreign cloth. The villagers spent their spare time idly, instead of industriously. When famine came they had no occupation, nothing to fall back upon. They either died or else subsisted on Government doles. So the poverty of India increased. Therefore the modern economic solution of poverty in India is to find out a way to reverse the process by building up the village industries once again.

I have stated the argument without any qualifications. It will be necessary to examine it; for it means a new situation to be worked out, not only by the villages of India, but also by the Lancashire population.

THE TRIALS OF A CARICATURIST

BY BLIX

[*The* Living Age *has already reproduced a number of caricatures by Blix, appearing in the Copenhagen* Berlingske Tidende *and the Swedish* Göteborg Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning.]

From *Berlingske Tidende, January* 13
(Copenhagen Conservative Daily)

I have drawn many people, and I must say that not all of them have been big enough to stand it. Persons with regular and fine features take on superior airs. They can never be caricatured enough. Recently I drew such a man. He would have been so grateful if I could have made a real caricature of him, for, as he said, 'No one has so far been able to find anything characteristic in me, whereas my partner seemed to be made for caricature.'

'Was he so handsome, then?' I asked.

'No, but he was a hunchback.'

This is the common, old-fashioned conception of caricature: to bring out a man's external shortcomings. But something more is required. We want a man's true character, good or bad,

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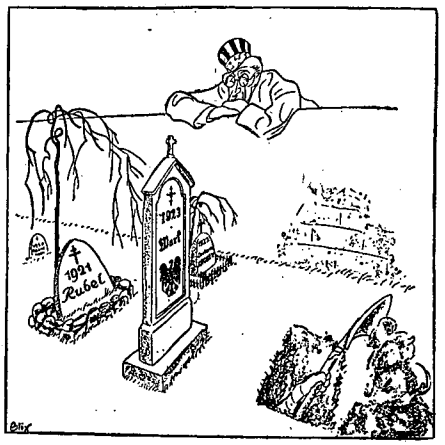

UNCLE SAM: Another entry less on the exchange list. In time the European-debt question will solve itself.

and if the caricaturist does not discover it in his features, then the result becomes either an indifferent portrait or an offensive distortion.

When I was twenty years old I published a collection of Scandinavian authors. My experiences were bitter for a young man. I dare only say that many of these authors, when they saw the drawings, developed in their rage a

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temperament that was lacking in their books. Since many of them are dead, and the majority were Danes, I must be careful of what I say. Björnsterne Björnson, when I met him later, could not find words to express how miserable he thought his picture was. 'But all the others were d—— good,' he said.

That is what they all say. It's always the others' pictures that are good. The only one who did not get angry was Jonas Lie — but he was almost blind.

STARGAZER: The year 1924 will bring blessing to mankind — Through the darkness I see a star shining over Europe — America extends a helping hand — The hope that failed last year and the year before is fulfilled — Now I see more clearly. . . .

CLIENT: Is it the salvation of Europe?

STARGAZER: No, the annexation of the North Pole.

With Apologies to Leonardo

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Women who have been caricatured are the worst. I once drew Mme. Breval, prima donna at the Paris Opera, and because the sketch was to be published in *Le Figaro* I took extreme pains. When I was through, she wanted to see it. She did not faint — on the contrary, with a dramatic fervor one seldom sees on the stage, she tore the drawing into small bits. Then she asked anxiously what my price was.

I know of only one female caricaturist, and she was a fraud. It was the Empress of Russia. Once during the Russo-Japanese War I saw in a prominent English magazine some caricatures of Japanese generals. From the accompanying text I learned that they had been drawn by the Empress, who was described as a caricaturist famous in her own country.

I recognized them very well because I had drawn them myself. They had been published a year before in a French paper. I wrote to the editor of the paper, who replied that these caricatures had gone through the entire Russian press as her drawings. Since payment had long since been sent to the Empress, he did not feel inclined to pay again, but he offered his services if I desired to denounce her publicly.

I know many of the European artists, and I must say that I cannot understand how they are able to work. How can one draw when somebody stands and looks on? Once I sat in a theatre next to the famous French caricaturist, Sem, who was sketching an actress, and it struck me how awkwardly he worked. 'Now you can see for yourself that I do not know how to draw,' he said.

The fact, of course, is that Sem is extraordinarily intelligent and can draw well enough to make with a few strokes a profile over which all Paris goes mad. When the subject taxes his skill as a draftsman too much, he hires, for fifty francs, some poor, gifted, and unknown artist to help him. I have also known great artists without intelligence, who, as they were not able to buy wit for fifty francs, now lie forgotten in their graves.

Humorists seldom grow old. Their work is killing. Just imagine having to produce on the dot something clever which thousands of people can sit and enjoy! The question is never asked whether the caricaturist is in the right mood; he seldom is. Usually he is a melancholy chap. It is very important for him to have his stomach in order.

Whether a caricaturist is often exposed to unpleasant experiences is a private matter, but it is helpful in his work that dueling is forbidden. Furthermore, there are delightful caricaturists, even of the popular kind, who see things with a kindly eye. Oberlander was such a one, loved and honored to the very last; and Caran d'Ache, who was more feared, once said something that made a deep impression on me: 'I don't believe that with a single line I have ever done anybody any harm.'

Personally I never read the funny papers. The world no longer cares for the jokes that are the only good ones — those that are true. Such jokes flourished in France under the Citizen King, Louis-Philippe, and reached their glory in *Simplicissimus* under Wilhelm II. Now the Germans ask only for bread, and the French only for tights, which have formed the principal contents of their funny papers for decades.

The English *Punch* has not changed in a century. Its artists still have the old style of humor: big heads and small bodies. One object is labeled 'Militarism' and another 'Parliamentarism.' How can modern folk rub their hands or slap their thighs at anything like that?

In America they draw something I

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cannot understand: men or animals with teleplasms coming out of their mouths on which is written what the artist ought to have expressed in his drawing. When, for instance, you see a man with a bubble projecting from his mouth and on it you read, 'I'm very much astonished,' you are reminded of the author who wrote, 'I have no words to describe. . . .'

No, throughout the world there is no joy in the funny papers. They live on shears. Old copies are being cut up and new ones pasted together, and this is only natural. When people have to give up so many necessities, how can they afford luxuries such as humor and satire? And we caricaturists, who are the unlucky providers of such things, become discouraged.

KU HUNG MING

BY ALFRED DACHERT

[*The distinguished Chinese scholar and philosopher, Ku Hung Ming, is already familiar to readers of the* Living Age *by reason of numerous articles from his pen which have appeared in these pages.*]

From *La Revue de Genève, January*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

The most striking impression that the traveler in China receives is the uniformity of Chinese civilization. Whether you go to Nanking or to Nankeou — cities as far apart as Madrid is from Nizhni Novgorod — you still see the cooks making the same spindle-shaped fritters, or the cutlers fashioning the same chisels with enormous rings and tiny handles, or the mothers caressing their babies all in the same fashion, as if the little things were bunches of flowers.

This external uniformity is but the reflection of a spiritual uniformity that is still more complete. Every Chinese is convinced that man is good, that existence is a privilege, and he finds an infinite happiness in being a part of life. It is pleasant for him to have many friends, many wives, many children, and he endeavors to make himself as dependent on others as he can. The independence so beloved of Europeans is beyond his comprehension. He has, indeed, a kind of horror of it.

You ask yourself in astonishment what kind of constraint has been required for such complete unification of an empire big as a continent, in which so many people live, and where twenty-four different languages are spoken. You investigate the number of officials required in ancient China to arrive at this perfect unity, and you learn with amazement that there were only six thousand. Six thousand! Why, a single French Department would have more than that! And how, with so few officials, can it have been possible to control a country bigger than Europe, and to administer it so intensively?

It is true that these officials had some gendarmes at their back, but their true strength lay in another

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source. It was theirs because of the way in which they had been chosen. A mandarin holding a post equivalent to a subprefect was a personage of high distinction, who had been selected in free competition with ten thousand others. The prestige of a literatus who had won a competitive examination was enormous, and the willingness of the people to obey him had no limits. The Chinese Government turned to its own account the teaching of Mencius, who says: 'Honest men will not hesitate to go ten thousand leagues to support a good mandarin, but they will not fear to flee a thousand leagues to escape a bad one.'

The families which, like molecules, formed the substance of the Chinese Empire were linked between themselves and with the central government only by moral bonds. Never in any other country has moral authority been so powerful as in China, and it is the merit of Confucius to have been able to make of this force an incomparable agent of government.

A young Chinese poet, returning from Europe, where he had completed his studies, was struck with the beauty of Confucianism. This young scholar had become an assistant at the British Legation in Peking. He belonged to the Ku family, cousins of the Kung family, to which Confucius — Kung-fu-tse — belonged. His personal name was Hung Ming, which means 'glorious, commemorative inscription.' A Chinese personal name is a kind of programme laid down for a child by his parents, and young Ku was brilliantly to fulfill his own. Already a scholar, he had distinguished himself by his fondness for study. A Scotchman, of the poet Walter Scott's family, took the infant prodigy with him to give him a European education. Young Hung Ming showed an astonishing capacity for work. He was admitted to the University of Edinburgh, where he won the degree of Master of Arts. Then he lived in France, and conducted engineering studies in Germany. Wherever he went he learned the language of the country with disconcerting speed, and with a wholly Chinese gift of intuition he grasped the highest and most delicate shades of meaning in the literatures thus opened to him.

The British Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking was delighted to have so able an assistant, and set great hopes upon him, but these were to be disappointed. One day young Ku came to him, declared that he could no longer serve a foreign Power when his own country was struggling with so many difficulties at home and abroad, and departed in quest of employment with the Chinese Government.

Soon afterward we find him in the ancient palace of the Viceroys of Canton, serving the Viceroy Cheng Chi Tung as translator and secretary. He had found a master of the sort he needed, for Cheng was a literatus of the old school, a great patriot, and a zealous supporter of Chinese Confucianism. Ku employed his leisure moments in completing his knowledge of the Chinese writers. With keen interest he sought to determine exactly where the difference lay between Chinese and European culture, and eventually he reached the conclusion that it lay in the diverging ideas of authority that the two worlds entertained. In Europe authority is wholly a matter of mechanism. Without physical force on which to base itself, it cannot exist. Was it not Carlyle who declared: 'Europe is anarchy plus the gendarme'? Whereas in China authority rests on the unshakable basis of ancestor-worship. The grandfather, the chief of the family, is the representative on earth of generations past. He is a kind of

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messenger from beyond. How can one disregard so august a voice?

A disciple of Confucius, commenting on the Ta Hsueh, has said: 'The moral man obtains knowledge of his obligations toward the State without need to leave his family. His duties as a good son instruct him in the service of his sovereign. Subordination in the family teaches him to respect authority. The patience that he achieves in rearing his children prepares him for dealing with the mass of the people. The authority that springs from the cult of the family is not merely firm but delightful.'

Under the inspiration of the truths that now revealed themselves to him, Ku hit upon the idea of writing a series of essays which later were to see the day under the title, *Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen.*

The victory of Europeanized Japan over a Confucian China, however, put Confucianism to a rude trial. The Celestial Empire found itself divided between the intellectual nobility, faithful to a tradition which had made the country great, and the merchant class, who had grown rich in contact with the Europeans. This latter saw safety only in the adoption of the materialistic methods of Europe. Intellectual China revolted against the commercial reformers, and most of all against their chief, the famous Li Hung Chang.

It was at Woo Chang on the Yangtze, where the Viceroy Cheng Chi Tung was called to be Governor, that Ku Hung Ming saw this pathetic struggle of the spirit against materialism. He was to become its historian, and in his book, *The Story of a Chinese Oxford Movement,* we shall see passing before us the people who took part in this battle, and we shall be able to behold their living portraits faithfully drawn. In his history, Ku Hung Ming is definitely on the side of the defender of tradition, and his book tends toward the conclusion that brute force can never prevail against moral force. The man of good heart can always win a hearing better than the ordinary man, and the ultimate mastery will therefore belong to the good. For the moment, however, it was evil that won the victory. The blind nationalism of the court unloosed the Boxer Rebellion, and soon after led to the end of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic, setting up in China the methods of Europe, which are based on force.

Unwilling to serve under a Government that he detested, Ku Hung Ming took refuge in private life. All his hopes were overthrown, his life seemed to him to have no more purpose — and then an inspiration came. Was it really essential that the renaissance of Confucianism should take place in China? Had not Christianity triumphed far from the regions of its birth? Why should not Confucius, too, triumph in Europe? Confucianism, after all, is common sense, and common sense is international. Did not Mong Tse say: 'The mouths of men find the same meats savory. The ears of men are delighted by the same sounds. All eyes recognize a single beauty. Why should not the spirits of men agree upon virtue?'

Ku Hung Ming was persuaded that if Europeans did not embrace the truths of Confucius that was due solely to defective translation, and he set to work upon a new translation for their benefit. He published in English *Conversations of Confucius, The Middle Road,* and *The Great Teaching* — exquisite adaptations, revealing enormous erudition and rare comprehension of European psychology.

Then came the Great War. If any doubts had existed in Ku's mind as to the superiority of Chinese civilization they now disappeared forever. He felt

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it his duty to explain to unfortunate Europe the reasons for that superiority, and he wrote his book, *The Spirit of the Chinese People*. Christianity, he says, exalts individualism, where Confucianism makes man a good citizen. The Christian, seeking his own salvation, withdraws from the world, whereas the Chinese, giving himself over to the cult of the family, mingles with it. He urges Europeans not to encroach upon Chinese civilization, which makes all China 'a great reservoir of peace.' It would be blind and foolish to wish to shake the pacific foundations of this gigantic empire, which counts more inhabitants than all of Europe. If you could convert to European militarism these four hundred million people, how would you control them? Your mechanical means would not suffice. Instead of destroying the Confucian doctrine in China, where it has formed the happiness of billions of men, you would do far better to introduce it at home, where your own methods have shown themselves, in the eyes of the whole world, to be worn out.

The last phase of Ku Hung Ming's career is to be devoted to polemics. Europeans in the Far East naturally do not intend that China shall serve as a model to them. It is easy to taunt Ku with the growing disorders of his country, but patiently, Saturday by Saturday, with the regularity of a clock, he prints in the *North China Standard* of Peking an article reviewing the errors of the West, and showing that the disorders of modern China are really due to European penetration. How many times he has had to hear: 'To judge Confucius one need only look at China to-day.' It would be easy enough for him to reply: 'To judge Christ you have only to consider the Great War of the Christian peoples.' But he detests this European fashion of squabbling. Was it not Confucius himself who commanded: 'Do good, but do it with good taste'?

The truth which he is charged with preaching is so irresistible that it will eventually take possession of the world without any violence. Has not Europe, moreover, already followed the example of China in numerous instances, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously? Our academies take their name from Greece, it is true, but they are copied from Hanlin, and promotion through competition, the doctrine of original good of Rousseau, as well as the worship of the soil and of the dead of Maurice Barrès — are not these likewise products of the Celestial Empire?

Ku's favorite method of persuasion lies in the quoting of European authors. He loves to quote pure Confucian passages from the works of Goethe, of Carlyle, of Emerson, and of Matthew Arnold, in order to make Occidentals understand that the wisdom which he preaches is universal. The doctrine of the great harmony of humanity has, it is true, found better soil in China than elsewhere, but according to Ku there is no reason why it should not one day reign throughout all humanity.

'A wise man's voice is heeded only if his life accords with his words,' says an axiom of Confucius, and that is why Ku's great preoccupation has always been to keep his life in accord with his doctrine, and — hard though existence may be in China — he has never been seen to profit by the sinecures that have been offered to him. On two occasions he has occupied important posts in private life — once as president of the Wuang Pu Conservancy Board at Shanghai, and again as professor of Latin literature at the University of Peking, but he abandoned both, fearing that they might conflict with his convictions. Ku is such a man as Con-

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fucius had in mind — a distinguished and agreeable servant of an unshakable conviction — and the Master Mong, conversing with one of his disciples, drew by anticipation an excellent portrait of him: —

THE DISCIPLE. 'Master, what do you mean by a good man?'

MASTER MONG. 'I mean a man who commands our sympathy.'

THE DISCIPLE. 'And what do you understand by a man of truth?'

MASTER MONG. 'A man in whom good is an inveterate habit.'

THE DISCIPLE. 'And a great man?'

MASTER MONG. 'A great man is he whose goodness shines out.'

THE DISCIPLE. 'And what do you understand by a wise man?'

MASTER MONG. 'A wise man is he who exercises a transforming influence.'

Is Confucianism to have influence over Europe? A few years ago it would have been denied. The eighteenth century was interested in it, but our century, formed in the individualistic school of romanticism, remains closed to it. It is true that the romantic movement made the Orient fashionable, but the Orient which it knew did not extend so far as China. What it sought in Asia was flamboyant colors and magnificent despots. Now China is the country of moderation, and, thanks to Confucius, despotism has become impossible. The despots who from time to time have reigned there have been foreigners — Mongols or Manchus. The only despot of Chinese race who governed the Celestial Empire — and this is significant — was a fierce enemy of Confucius's memory, and caused his books to be burned.

The measured genius of Confucius contrived to put an end to everything arbitrary and to the despotism of rulers. He led them to renounce their own will and accustomed them to the strict observance of immutable psychological laws, and he demanded from officials the capacity of psychologists. The very form of his writings shows his preoccupations. He realized that the most dangerous enemies of harmony are pride and envy, and to prevent envy from hindering the spirit of his doctrines he avoided with scrupulous care, both in his life and in his work, the least trace of pride. He was a master of self-effacement. It was not his purpose to impose his person upon the people, but to cause his opinions to triumph. In his prose works he prefers quotation to direct expression, and in his book of poetry he expresses his feelings by means of the older poets. The century of Chateaubriand and of Nietzsche would not understand this, but our modern weariness of uncompromising individualism prepares us to understand. We still believe that the free spread of great individuals is desirable, but we begin to understand that the exaltation of mediocre individuals is a bane.

This readjustment shows itself clearly in our arts. Architecture, set free from all tradition, is preparing to abandon its infinite and regrettably varied forms, to return to the greatest simplicity, in the hope of achieving a universally recognized style. Painting, which still lags in the delirium of a mediocre individualism, is less and less able to rivet the interest of the public, and in literature the theme, 'living your own life,' has become tiresome. That is why at the present stage of the history of European thought the reading of Confucius is so instructive, and why the writings of his disciple, Ku Hung Ming, are of such prodigious interest.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

PRESENCE OF MIND

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

[*English Review*]

'PRESENCE of mind,' said Aunt Annette,
'Though talked about, is seldom met.
So let my little John and Jane
Both listen; and I will explain.

'In life, 't will often be your lot
To hear things you would rather not;
Then, to appear quite unaware,
Is what the French call "*savoir faire.*"

'Also, if you should chance to meet
With rude behavior in the street,
Unruffled calm you must display,
And simply look the other way.

'But these nice rules of etiquette
Must go, when danger's to be met;
Then to your duty you must rise,
And meet the facts with fearless eyes.

'Each problem, as it comes along,
Provides a right way or a wrong.
Presence of mind will meet the test,
And teach you how to do your best.'

While thus, to little Jane and John,
Her flow of words went trickling on,
John sat, as any good boy ought,
Deeply immersed in solemn thought.

Jane, listening to Aunt Annette,
Was conscious of a keen regret
That chances she would seldom find
To prove the presence of her mind.

But life, though full of little cares,
Often brings blessings unawares;
And Jane, being good and well-behaved,
Was given the chance for which she craved.

For that night, as her prayers she said,
Protruding from beneath the bed,
She saw a sight which froze her blood —
Two hobnailed boots, besmeared with mud.

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Unable from her knees to rise,
She gazed at them with trembling eyes;
Till — looking further up the floor —
She found that there was nothing more!

Espying one of Johnnie's tricks,
Joy in her blood began to mix:
The chance had come; 't was not too late
Presence of mind to demonstrate!

While Johnnie, in his bed hard by,
Lay sniggering with a watchful eye,
At duty's summons Jane arose,
And met the facts with fearless pose.

Into her bed she gives a spring;
Then makes the nursery welkin ring
With screams; till, joyously, she hears
Auntie come pounding up the stairs.

Though out of breath, stern and serene,
The arriving Aunt surveys the scene,
And questions through the open door,
'Pray what is all this squealing for?'

John in the pillow hides his face;
The upright Jane explains her case:
'Oh, Auntie, take care how you tread!
There's burglars underneath the bed!'

With shattering shriek, poor Auntie's mind
Grew absent, and all sense resigned:
Across the floor she spurned the mat
From backward heels, and fainted flat.

The situation thus her own,
Jane now assumed a different tone;
And out of her own bed she went,
And smacked John to her heart's content.

When Aunt Annette resumed her wits,
Still hovering on the verge of fits,
Plucking the facts up by the roots,
Jane said, 'They've gone, and left their boots!'

Though Aunt Annette perhaps might fail
To grasp the moral of this tale,
Let gentle readers, from behind,
Admire the presence of Jane's mind.

The double problem — what to do —
She took in hand, and saw it through;
And doing for Johnnie what was best,
Provided Auntie with a test.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

IBSEN DISCUSSES 'A DOLL'S HOUSE'

THE interview with Laura Kieler, the mistress of the original Doll's House, reprinted in last week's issue of the *Living Age*, has attracted wide attention in Scandinavia, and new details of an old literary feud have come to light. To a subsequent issue of the *Berlingske Tidende* Frederik Böök, professor of literature in the Swedish University of Lund, contributes an article containing hitherto unpublished letters relating to the controversy between Ibsen and Laura Kieler. One is a letter of Ibsen to Fredrika Limnell, who maintained in Stockholm a literary salon, of which both Ibsen and his 'Larkbird' had been members.

It was to this mutual Swedish friend that Laura Kieler turned in her distress, when identified as the original Nora. Her letter has not been preserved, but a part of its contents is quoted in the letter from Madame Limnell to Ibsen. The enmity she speaks of having aroused among the Brandes faction was due to a book she had written, entitled *Men of Honor*. In response to it the rumor was spread that she had actually forged a check. As a matter of fact, she wrote, she had only made an attempt, when in great anguish over her debts, but had torn the paper into bits before it ever left her hands. She had earned what money she possessed by the work and sacrifices of twelve years. What Madame Limnell asked Ibsen — who was then absorbed in writing *Hedda Gabler* — to do was to make a public declaration that Laura Kieler was not in every detail the model for his Nora.

In view of Ibsen's indebtedness to Brandes and his faction it was an embarrassing request. His reply, dated from Munich, July 1, 1890, has previously been reproduced only in part: —

'It was a great and happy surprise for me to receive, after such a long time, a letter from you. Personally, I am so absorbed in other sorts of writing that I have to omit all kinds of correspondence, even with my best and closest friends. This may serve as an excuse when I am to-day forced to express myself very briefly even to you, to whom I have so much to say, and to confine myself exclusively to the affair of Laura Kieler.

'The newspaper clippings you sent me I have read through. Some of them I had already seen, just as I have, in a general way, followed the controversy which arose in connection with her book, *Men of Honor*.

'It is, however, not wholly clear to me what Laura Kieler is aiming at when she attempts to involve me in this conflict. A declaration from me such as she desires, namely that she is not Nora, would be both meaningless and ridiculous, since I have never asserted the contrary. If untruthful rumors have been circulated in Copenhagen to the effect that in an earlier period of her life something happened that had some similarity to the check story in *A Doll's House*, then she herself, or her husband, or, best of all, both together, are the only ones who by an open and firm denial can down these false rumors. I do not understand why Herr Kieler did not long ago resort to this measure, which would immediately end the slander.

'I regret very much that I cannot accede to your request to interfere; but

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I believe that after a closer consideration of the matter, and after having regarded it from all sides and with all the details in view as far as they are known to you, you will agree with me that I shall do our mutual friend the best service by keeping quiet and staying aloof.

'I am at the present moment very busy writing a new drama which is to be finished in the fall. A vacation trip I therefore cannot think of. I must stay here in the city, where the temperature and air during the hottest months are not exactly pleasant; but such things can always be endured when there is work to be done.

'I take it for granted that you have occasion to see the Baroness Adelsparre. In such an event I would ask you to express to her a cordial greeting for me. For yourself, and your association, I also send the most sincere and hearty greetings. Yours sincerely,

HENRIK IBSEN.'

✽

INTELLECTUALS EMBATTLED

LAST Christmas the *Berliner Tageblatt* requested a number of European intellectuals, some great and others prominent, to send Christmas messages to their suffering fellows in Germany. Among those who acceded to the request were such writers as Romain Rolland, Bernard Shaw, Knut Hamsun, Selma Lagerlöf, and Johannes V. Jensen, as well as the eminent Swiss scientist, Dr. August Forel.

The internationally minded German editors caught a Tatar, however, when they wrote to Maurice Maeterlinck, who replied not directly but in an open letter in *Le Soir* of Brussels: 'You seem to forget, gentlemen, that I am a Belgian, and that because I am a Belgian it is impossible for me to forget. What can I do to prevent my thinking, among so many other offenses, about the German manifesto of these very intellectuals in whose favor you solicit my support to-day? When Germany has made good a part of the evil she has wrought, then — although I cannot pardon, for there are things for which there is no pardon — I will at least seek to draw a veil over memories which will disappear only with death.'

This stinging message was not slow in reaching Germany, where it appears to have been received in no very chastened mood, since Maeterlinck was promptly caricatured in the German comic paper, *Simplicissimus*, as a ridiculous Greek nude capering to the piping of a French Nationalist Pan. The whole incident is rich in implications for those who would understand the mind of the shattered Continent as it is to-day.

✽

GAELIC PLAYS

THE stubborn determination of lovers of the ancient speech of Ireland has led to monthly productions of Gaelic plays at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, which was the birthplace of the modern Irish drama. It is discouraging to find that in spite of the achievements of Lady Gregory, Yeats, Synge, and their fellows, practically no original dramatic work in Gaelic exists. The Dublin enthusiasts have had to fall back on translations from English and even from French into Gaelic. Last December there was a Gaelic version of Molière's *Médecin malgré lui*, and several of the best-known Irish plays — originally written in English — have been turned into Gaelic for these performances. The Abbey Theatre has even appealed to Irish audiences who have the terror still in their memories, with a Scottish play, *Campbell of Kilmhor*, which deals with the fate of a Jacobite 'on the run' after 1745. The Gaelic performances draw crowded houses.

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TEARING THE MASK FROM BERGSON

'At last! At last!' *Avanti* of Milan exclaims, 'a book has appeared which does not wear that veil of melancholy which Bergson, the *demiphilosophe*, has thrown over the whole world. The book in question is Enrico Leone's *Anti-Bergson* — a stupendous book, all illuminated with high lights of genius, an animated struggle of thought, of life, of truth, from beginning to end.

'After all, Bergson's doctrines could not boast originality. For in remote antiquity, in some forgotten corners of philosophic science, all those paradoxes and marvelous discoveries could be heard under the portals of the Academy — all those things that the elegant modern astrologist carries, like so many trained monkeys, into the salons of Paris for the amusement of perfumed ladies at their tea tables.

'They pretend to listen to him with as much attention as they listened to Yvette Guilbert performing her latest song. As a matter of fact, however, there is more depth and permanent value in some of her songs than there is in the whole philosophical system of Henri Bergson, even carried to the highest degree of generalization. As Enrico Leone says at the conclusion of his critical investigation of the *philosophie à la mode*, "Here the naïve realism denounced by Kant recovers its lost honors, and, democratic in practical life, it becomes intuitionist and irrational in philosophy."'

LITERARY ANNIVERSARIES OF 1924

1924 will have a large but not unusual number of centenaries and other anniversaries. It is really extraordinary how many people contrive to do things exactly one hundred years before any particular date on the calendar — which is a rather discouraging reflection for moderns. Three hundred years ago George Fox, founder of the Quakers, was born in the month of July, but on a day not known. The poet Herrick died on October 15, two hundred and fifty years ago, and Milton on November 8 of the same year. The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Kant falls on April 22, and will probably be celebrated with riotous glee by all metaphysicians.

Oliver Goldsmith died April 4, one hundred and fifty years ago, and Southey was born on August 12 of the same year. April 19 is the hundredth anniversary of Byron's death. This same year saw the birth of Wilkie Collins and Francis Turner Palgrave, now remembered only as the compiler of one of the two best English anthologies. It is only one hundred and fifty years ago since Burke made his famous speech against American taxation — a startling reminder of the youth of these United States.

Schoolboys will greet with groans the news that it is an even hundred years since Macaulay wrote his essay on Milton, but may cheer up a little on learning that it is also the year in which Scott's *Redgauntlet* and *St. Ronan's Well* appeared. Irving's *Tales of a Traveler* date from the same year, and when we get down to fifty years ago masterpieces and near masterpieces tread hard upon each other's heels. Among them are James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, Green's *Short History of the English People*, and Dean Farrar's *Life of Christ*.

The reader may pick out the masterpieces to suit his own ideas, and if he is in quest of a genuinely interesting pastime he might occupy himself with a comparison of Dean Farrar's *Life of Christ* and the modern one by Giovanni Papini.

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THREATENED VENICE

A LEADING article on 'The Enemies of Venice' in the *Rivista d'Italia* speaks with great bitterness of those 'who profane and desecrate her unique beauty. Too audacious, too restless, too much in pursuit of "business," and altogether too eager for gain, they have conspired to transform a part — if not the whole — of the incomparable old town into a monotonous and joyless modern city. We, the old aborigines, still remember this part of Venice, picturesque and fascinating, that has now been destroyed, for the sake of neither comfort nor usefulness, but out of foolish love of novelty. Surely, Venice does not have to remain inert, immutable, lifeless, when life and movement reign in the outside world, but the impatient fervor of our modern apostles of progress threatens to destroy the face of our city as it has been known for centuries.

'No one can reasonably oppose the enlargement of a few dirty and narrow alleys or the destruction of some miserable cabins, but the plan to change the entire aspect of the divine city seems a crime to anyone to whom history and art are not empty sounds. The vague, elusive charm of Venice does not consist entirely in her wonderful monuments. The important thing is that these monuments stand amid surroundings that made their appearance a logical necessity. As soon as these monuments are surrounded by buildings erected without any consideration of æsthetics or even the simple sense of proportion, ugly in their unmeaning whiteness, a violent and unharmonious contrast will result. The monuments will remain, but the soul of Venice will have departed.

'Persons of a practical turn of mind, to whom the joys of beauty are as nothing, ought yet to be able to understand that foreigners who come here from all parts of the world and leave the city with a wealth of unforgettable impressions are a great source of wealth of another kind for the city.

'Yet, more senseless projects are conceived by some Venetians and non-Venetians. A few of them would like to improve part of the lagoon shore so as to enable people to raise cabbages and potatoes upon it. Others have more varied and also more persistent ideas. They want to join Venice to the mainland by means of a grand bridge for pedestrians and vehicles. In a near future it might be possible thus to leave a villa in Venice and go directly by motor-car or tramway to the gardens of Bottenighi. As it is plain enough that the tramways, automobiles, and carriages could not stop short and accumulate at the town limit, a way will be naturally found to give them easy access to the streets of the interior, and that is all that will be needed to change the aspect of the city and the general run of its life. . . .

'An invention *à la* Jules Verne! A street which will reach over and across canals, marshes, and islands is going to unite Venetia with the station of Mestre. It will be an iron construction, a huge road of steel, beginning at the station of Mestre, crossing the lagoon, flanking Venice along the new Fondamenta; then, at the farther extremity of the latter, it will divide into two branches of which the left one, passing close to the celebrated island of San Francesco *del deserto* (*o beata solitudo!*) and over more bridges and embankments, will reach Burano; the right branch will fly over the port of Lido, run along the shore, cross the canal of the port of Malamocco, go all the way along the shore of Pellestino and end at Chioggia.

'It seems like a dream. . . . But what an ugly dream!'

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BOOKS ABROAD

La Barrière du Rhin, by Raymond Recouly. Paris: Librairie Hachette, 1923.

[*Journal de Genève*]

THIS little book states the whole problem of French security after the Great War. Drawing his inspiration from historic examples, and particularly from that of Prussia at the Congress of Vienna, M. Recouly considers that the only truly efficacious solution lies in the creation of a solid military barrier along the Rhine, in a permanent occupation of Cologne, Koblenz, and Mainz, and in the creation of a genuinely autonomous Rhénanie.

This is, he says, the sole means of repairing the blunders of the Treaty of Versailles, and of replacing the famous pact of guaranty which has become useless through the withdrawal of the United States and England, and which, in any event, would have constituted but an illusory safeguard. It is also the only way of cutting short Germany's resistance, which is not in the least 'passive,' but on the contrary very active. It is easy enough to recognize in all this the ideas dear to the heart of M. Poincaré.

Theodore Roosevelt, by Lord Charnwood. London: Constable and Co.; Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.50.

[J. St. Loe Strachey in the *Spectator*]

LORD CHARNWOOD did a very useful service to the English-speaking world by his life of Lincoln. He has done another by his study of the personality of Theodore Roosevelt. Like a wise man, he has not attempted to give a full or detailed biography of the great President, but has made us see in a very vivid way the image of the soul — *animi figura* — of the great American. One of the best things about Lord Charnwood's biography is that he does not overemphasize any of Roosevelt's special characteristics. There is not too much about the cowboy side, or too much about the anticorruption politician, or about the hundred-per-cent American. The man is seen in his true proportions and without any kind of caricature. There are none of the tricks that the decadent and academic artists of the seventeenth century employed when they wanted to make an heroic portrait or an heroic statue. Again, there is no attempt to show him in the pose of a Republican Magnifico. Instead, he appears what, after all, he was — a man bold and yet reasonable, a man of moderation and yet a man of force.

Las artes populares en Mexico, by Doctor Atl. Two volumes. Mexico City: Editorial 'Cultura,' 1923.

[*Nosotros*]

THE remarkable success of the first edition of this work in the intellectual circles of Mexico, and the conviction of the present Mexican Government that the development of domestic arts and crafts is of great importance, have led to this second, corrected and amplified, edition.

The Mexican people, of undoubted American origin, have marked with their original genius and unmistakable vigor all the crafts they have attempted. It is for this reason that Mexican objects of art are characterized by a homogeneity of method and constitute a veritable national culture. The author of the book believes that Mexicans deserve a place among producers of artistic handicraft, such as the Chinese and Japanese.

The work treats of textile industries, wood carvings for all domestic and artistic purposes, and painting, of the Mexican *jerga* (slang), of music, and of lacquer work, chiseled metal work, and wrought iron. The book is an incomplete catalogue of the Mexican popular arts, but it is the only one of its kind in the world.

Mussolini as Revealed in His Political Speeches. Selected, translated, and edited by Barone Bernardo Quaranta di San Sevrino. London: J. M. Dent, 1924.

[T. Earle Welby in *Life and Letters*]

THE collection of speeches before us does not, as might be expected, supply an outline of the development of Fascism, but it gives us in the plainest language a statement of Mussolini's ideals, and defines very clearly his attitude toward democratic and other theories. Thus we find him saying, in one of his most important speeches: 'Democracy thought to make itself indispensable to the masses, and did not understand that the masses despise those who have not the courage to be what they ought to be. Democracy has taken elegance from the lives of the people, but Fascism brings it back — that is to say, it brings back color, force, picturesqueness, the unexpected, mysticism, and, in fact, all that counts in the souls of the multitude.' . . .

As regards foreign policy, there is in the volume probably nothing more important than Mussolini's insistence on the sanctity of treaties: 'The fundamental principle upon which our foreign policy is based,' he says, 'is that treaties

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of peace, once signed and ratified, must be carried out, no matter whether they are good or bad. A self-respecting nation cannot follow another course. Treaties are not eternal or irreparable; they are chapters and not epilogues in history; to put them into practice means to try them. If in the course of execution they are proved to be absurd, it constitutes the possibility of a thorough examination of the respective positions.'

Musique et littérature, by André Coeuroy, with a preface by Maurice Barrès. Paris: Bloud et Gay, 1923.

[*L'Indépendance Belge*]

ASSUMING that mutual influences of music on literature and of literature on music exist, — for the most noble effort of the intelligence, as our author rightly says, is concerned with the convergence of the arts, — can we tell how music has affected the literary production of any good writer? To what extent has it penetrated the æsthetic theories of the various literary groups, and reciprocally, how much do such musical masters as Weber, Schumann, or Berlioz owe to literature?

To shed light upon these various queries M. Coeuroy has not only read and remembered a great deal, but he has done much reflecting and has constructed a body of personal opinions which are often original and ingenious, and calculated to freshen subjects that have already been treated. The text of his book is divided into a series of chapters, devoted respectively to the romantic German school, to the evolution of musical inspiration in English literature during the nineteenth century, to Shelley and to Poe, and finally to the Russians and the French.

The first two divisions are the most remarkable. The author studies in an especially thorough way the attitude of the German writers toward music in Germany, because in that country the importance of musical art 'rests upon a long tradition.' There is an excellent study of the romantic movement.

Contemporary British Artists: Augustus John. London: Ernest Benn, 1924. 8*d*. 6*s*.

[*Irish Statesman*]

THERE are thirty-five plates in this fine book, and they fairly represent both the talent and the genius of the artist; for Mr. John is, on the one hand, obsessed and inspired by an imp of sensationalism, and although his great technical mastery may seem to override this, it does not in fact do so. On the other hand, he is inspired by a genius of truth-seeing and truth-telling, and when this side of his character is at work the result is of an extraordinary beauty.

Examples of his genius. Plate 1, 'Merekli' — a girl brooding, not certainly on her basket of flowers, nor even, perhaps, on the pearl necklace that she is wearing, but weighing possibilities the urgency of which Mr. John has seen as actively as the sitter did. Plate 2, 'Man's Head,' is the portrait of a rough, perhaps a laboring man, but it is rendered with such integrity and sympathy that it will stand with any Old Master. Anything, however, that is drawn with this affection and competence must be lovely, quite irrespective of its subject. So with Plate 12, 'Robin,' the portrait of a young boy; and Plate 18, 'David,' a youth brooding into space, with his arms resting on a table. These could not possibly be better done; they are utterly satisfying. Plate 17, 'Strange Companions,' has no place in this book, and need not have been painted.

But the portraits of himself, of Shaw, of Lord Leverhulme, and almost all the female portraits, are not lovely; nor does the same element of easily recognizable truth, or oneness with his subject, come to us from these works. It would almost seem that this artist can only perfectly render a subject that does not challenge him by its equality of power or experience or beauty. Before innocence, as in the youthful portraits of the old man's portrait, he is innocence itself, and he does no violence to any of them. But more authoritative sitters arouse in him an antagonism that he can only combat by a sensational rendering. Women, especially, seem to thwart him. He will not — in this book — treat them as human beings, but only as decorations.

Does he conceive that all successful people, and all women, are more than a trifle vulgar? And does he include himself in this category? The self-portrait, the portraits of Bernard Shaw, of Lord Leverhulme, of the Marchesi Casati, of the Lady with a Marigold, are painted with a like dash and scorn. He would seem to have been glad to be quit of them, and in them all he has painted an Augustus John that his two youths and his old man never saw and could not dream existed.

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

KU HUNG MING. *Conversations of Confucius.* Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh.

KU HUNG MING. *The Great Teaching.* London: Murray.

KU HUNG MING. *The Middle Road.* Shanghai: Mercury.

LEONE, ENRICO. *Anti-Bergson.* Naples: La Luce del Pensiero, editors.

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